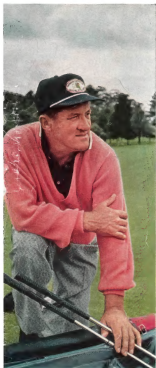


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 8, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR



TOMMY BOLT
Defending Champion

Preview

U.S. OPEN

Herbert Warren Wind describes the course, the players and the flavor of golf's major event on the eve of the 1959 tournament held at Winged Foot



PETER THOMSON
British Open Champion



DW FINSTERWALD
PGA Champion



ART WALL
Masters Champion

**Golf widows, note:
Acrilan® makes
these Seven Seas
"Tee Slax"[®]
automatic
wash & wear!**

1.



2.



3.



1. They're tailored for the golfing fraternity, these Seven Seas slacks. Witness the special towel loop. The casual, sturdy hems. The smart, comfortable styling... and, hush! **2.** They machine-wash, machine-dry! Need little (if any ironing)... all thanks to their high content of Acrilan. **3.** Go out on the course again the next day — looking just pressed!

*Bygones, I. H., of The Chemstrand Corporation for its acrylic fiber.

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Chemstrand makes only the fiber; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

Patterns: A blend of 70% Acrilan, 30% rayon by L&L, Inc. Sizes 36-44 reg., chest & hips, in white, tan, gold, light blue, light green, brown, navy, black, charcoal & red — \$39.95. Also available in wash slacks at \$29.95, \$39.95, golf slacks with every pair of slacks and wash slacks. All five slacks everywhere. Machine-wash, 40° water; machine-dry through spin cycle. Dry in preheated dryer at low (140°-160°F) temperatures. No dryers? Slacks machine before spin cycle, let slacks drip dry. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 300 Park Avenue, New York 1 • PLANTS: ACRILAN[®] ACRYLIC FIBER — Houston, Mo. • CHEMSTRAND[®] STYLON — Pensacola, Fla. See The Perry Como Show, Saturday nights, NBC-TV Network sponsored by The Chemstrand Corporation. Check your local paper for time.

HERB SCORE PASSES WHITE GLOVE TEST

(HE USES GREASELESS VITALIS)



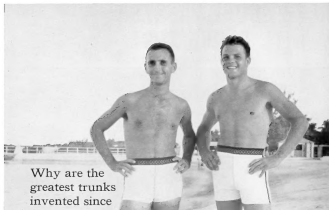
Herb Score, Cleveland pennant hope, had dry, stubborn hair... found leading cream and oil hair tonics only plastered it down, left greasy stains. That's why Herb switched to Vitalis®. Vitalis took the grease out of hair tonic... put in V-7s, the greaseless grooming discovery that keeps hair neat all day, leaves no greasy stains. And Vitalis protects against dry hair and scalp, fights embarrassing dandruff. Try Vitalis yourself, today!



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NEAT ALL DAY
WITHOUT
GREASE**

...prevents dryness, too.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BENTON & BOWLES



Why are the
greatest trunks
invented since

1954 suddenly
two inches longer?

BOB COUSY (in the traditional trunks) and **FRANK GIFFORD** (wearing the new length) on a Jantzen International Sports Club sailing and skin diving expedition to the Bahamas. Photo by Tom Kelley.

You remember the trunks that professional fighters wore a number of years ago? You still see them on television films—a jabbing left followed by a quick right hand tugging at the waist, hoisting the trunks up.

However, things have changed. Nowadays boxing trunks and Jantzen swim trunks stay put, because of snug elastic webbing at the waist, and our way of life is the better for it.

Bob's trunks were new with us a few years ago when we invented them. Since then we haven't done much except make thousands of them, change the waist design from year to year, and vary the colors, until this year.

Just as Volkswagen added a convertible once, so we are offering a new length in 1959. The longer square-legs at right are the fashionable new length two inches longer than the traditional trunks on the left.

Which length is for you? Entirely a matter of personal preference; the thinking man might pick the Cousy length, for all we know. This is somewhat beyond us; we feel that our duty is done when we provide both lengths. We hesitate to advise; if they are right for Bob Cousy and Frank Gifford, we assume

they are good enough for the rest of mankind.

If you are a sportsman, or would not mind being mistaken for one, you will be pleased with your latex Jantzen trunks. The two members of the Jantzen International Sports Club pictured above prefer them above all others. They might well be your favorite this year, too; we hope so, for business reasons.

Rest assured that, with perhaps imperceptible changes, these trunks will be available next year, and the year after. You can get yours now, provided your waist measures 28 inches or 40 inches around, or somewhere in between, for \$4.95 or \$5.95, in proper colors, at what we choose to call "the better men's stores". Should you experience difficulty locating one of them, wait until next year, or write us.



Jantzen
INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB

(Our slogan is "Sportswear for Sportsmen")

Jantzen Inc., Portland 4, Oregon

Cover: U.S. Open

No tournament is as wide open as the Open, but the first reigning British and U.S. champions are always highly regarded. For a *Portrait of the tournament*, see page 56.

Photograph by Guy Tillot



Next week



► Superb color photography captures the intensity of the rivalry who watch the Los Angeles Dodgers, and James Murray tells what a night ball game at the Coliseum is like.

► Exploring a new Sports Illustrated instructional series on the schooling of field dogs. In the first of four parts Stanley McQueen teaches you how to train flushing geese.

► The life and hardships of one of the great Negro fighters, whose feats even in his own day were observed in legend.

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Continuing from *North Channel to Georgian Bay*, a yachtsman's guide to America's great inland sea

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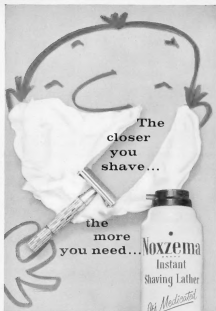
Hall of Fame standards are too lax, says Joe Judge. Plus a "meeting report" on 64 members

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Medicated shaving lather now lets you shave closer without irritation!

Close shaves make your skin sore? Why let them? Get Noxzema's famous skin care formula in this medicated instant shaving lather. Extra-rich. Sets up whiskers so they don't snag. No sting, no skin irritation—thanks to famous Noxzema skin protection.

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NOXZEMA the only medicated "comfort-shave!"

COMING EVENTS

June 5 to June 11

All times are E.S.T.

• Color television • Teletext • Network radio

Friday, June 5

- BASEBALL**
Tiger vs. California, 8:05 p.m., Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 15 p.m. (NBC).
- LACROSSE**
North-South All-Star, Baltimore.
- BASEBALL**
Pan-American Int'l. Short Change, \$20,000, Dallas (through June 7).
- TRACK & FIELD**
Champion International, Compton, Calif.

Saturday, June 6

- BASEBALL**
USAFC sports car race, Long Beach, Calif.
- BASEBALL**
Los Angeles at Milwaukee, 8:45 p.m. (NBC).
- New York at Cleveland, 1:30 p.m. (CBS).
- Boston at Chicago, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASEBALL**
Ford Motor, Kwik & Classic World Change, Detroit, Ohio (also June 7).
- BASEBALL**
Greenwich-Rosemont Clubhouse, Greenwich, Conn.
- GOLF**
National Golf Day, "Round of the Champions" exhibition, Foxborough vs. Bell, Canada.
- BASEBALL**
Apparel Handicap, \$20,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.
- Longview Post Handicap, \$10,000, Delmarva Park, Del.
- Peter Pan, \$11,000, Belmont Park, N.Y. (CBS).
- Florida State, \$12,000, Belmont at Washington Park, Ill.
- TRACK & FIELD**
Meet of Champions, Houston.
- Central College East Change, Milwaukee.
- New York A.C. Spring Union, Travers Island, N.Y.

Sunday, June 7

- BASEBALL**
USAFC Big Cat auto change, Milwaukee.
- BASEBALL**
Los Angeles at Milwaukee, 8:45 p.m. (NBC).
- New York at Cleveland, 1:30 p.m. (CBS).
- Washington at Detroit, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual).

Monday, June 8

- BASEBALL**
Chicago at Milwaukee, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- GOLF**
Junior Change, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (through June 11).
- BASEBALL**
NY Flight Handicap, \$11,000, Belmont Park, N.Y.

Tuesday, June 9

- BASEBALL**
Cleveland at Chicago, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASEBALL**
California State, \$10,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Wednesday, June 10

- BASEBALL**
Kansas City at New York, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASEBALL**
Short vs. Long, 8:05 p.m., Chicago, Ill. (also 14:00).
- BASEBALL**
Jockey, \$11,000, Belmont Park, N.Y. (CBS).
- Via Fleming Memorial test, \$1,000, Detroit.

Thursday, June 11

- BASEBALL**
San Francisco at Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual).
- GOLF**
The National Open, Monticello, N.Y. (through June 13).
- American Ladies Open, \$10,000, Minneapolis (through June 11).
- BASEBALL**
Golden State Member's Handicap, \$10,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

*See local listing



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Jimmy Jemari's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: What class boat makes for the keenest racing competition?



JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN
Trustee
President and
Vicepres.

Any of the one-design classes. I prefer racing a cruising boat, but one-design classes in cruising boats are rare. However, there is a fiber glass one-design cruising boat called the Block Island 40. I'm building one. It's 40 feet over-all with an 11-foot 8-inch beam and a 24-foot 6-inch waterline.



VICE-ADMIRAL RICHARD S. WATERMAN
USN (Ret.)

Heavily racing between the colleges is terrifically competitive. Over 70 colleges compete. I saw the finale of one championship at Annapolis, when Brown out-sailed the Naval Academy in an exciting race. Incidentally, Brown is the best college for this year's championship in Newport Bay.

Continued

Does your club have a HOLE-IN-ONE TROPHY?



Wouldn't any golfer in your club love to have his name on the big silver bowl—and receive the smaller one for his own? Wouldn't you?

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specially designed Hole-in-One cover and an etched wood base, if desired. Plenty of room for more names.

The personal trophy is a 3-inch replica, without the base. 3-inch bowl with base, \$37.50 ... 3-inch bowl, \$27.50 less. Fed. tax. See your jeweler or writer.

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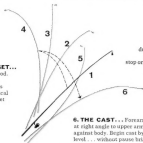
Spin Fishing Tips from the World's Champion

Johnny Dieckman holds 10 amateur and 7 professional titles of the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs. He holds 6 of the 14 world titles sponsored by the International Casting Federation at Kiel, Germany. Never before has one man held so many records at one time.

On these pages, Johnny Dieckman shows you the championship technique that makes spin fishing easy to learn. Each step is illustrated . . . and can be mastered by anyone.

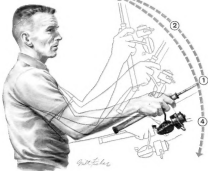
However, to get the maximum pleasure and excitement out of spin fishing, Johnny Dieckman feels that you must have both good casting form and top-quality fishing tackle. Johnny Dieckman uses and recommends the Garcia-Mitchell Spinning Reel, the Garcia-Companion Rod and Garcia-Platyl Monofilament Line. Get your family or fishing friends together. With Johnny's instructions, help each other improve technique and enjoy more spin fishing thrills.

4. LINE UP TARGET...
with your eyes and rod. Both the up strokes and the down strokes should follow a vertical line. "Slice" the target with your rod.



5. ROD ACTION... The rod tip is spring-loaded during the back cast. Practice a smooth delivery—without stop or pause. Let the spring of the rod do most of the work.

6. THE CAST... Forearm and rod form straight line at right angle to upper arm. Upper arm close but not pressed against body. Begin cast by bringing hand up to eye level . . . without pause bring rod forward with a smooth crisp chopping motion. Some wrist action is proper—but get arm action right and wrist action will follow.





1. GET READY... Reel in until lure is within 6 inches of rod tip. Pick up line with index finger of the right hand.



2. PUSH BAIL DOWN... with the thumb or forefinger of left hand—until it clicks into the casting position.



3. HOLDING LINE... The line is held over the fleshy part of the finger—net the joint. Now you are ready to cast.



7. RELEASING LINE... On the forward cast—as rod approaches straightening point—release finger hold on line...lure will shoot forward to target. Practice short casts. Accuracy is more important than distance.



8. FEATHERING LINE... After making a cast—as the lure approaches the target—extend index finger of right hand toward front tip of reel. The line will brush against finger...reduce speed of lure—stop it—drop it on target.



9. ADJUSTING DRAG... The drag on the Garcia-Mitchell Spinning Reel keeps the line from breaking. Adjust below breaking point of line. Then it will slip if severe strain is applied. Experience will determine exact setting.

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With no other reel has the first-time fisherman learned so well...so quickly...for the veteran angler enjoyed such continuous dependable performance.

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See the Garcia-Mitchell at your dealer's today. Look at it—feel it. You will appreciate the outstanding exclusive features like... "Constant cycle" gear train for smooth operation and perfect line spooling... one piece bail assembly with Duralay line guide... two spools, each of different line capacity with pushbutton release... built in drag and many others. Insist on the finest—insist on the Garcia-Mitchell Spinning Reel.



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New Haven

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DENNIS M. NELSON
Dean, Boston
Columbia
Newport, Rainbow
and Ranger 1961, 1962
America's Cup race

Columbia racing, like the Newport-to-Bermuda race, is the thorough test. It is most competitive, being a test for boat, crew, skipper and navigator. The bigger the boat the more important the crew, and the smaller the boat the more important the helmsman, but the top shippers usually win in any size boat.



HARRY MELGES JR.
Star champion
PRIS, 1936, 1938
Cuba Ocean, Wm.

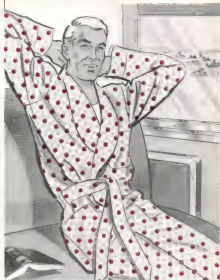
Out here we consider the snow the fastest thing under sail. It can even beat the exhumers over a triangular course. There are hundreds of snows, and competition is swift. The Class A, a 36-footer, has a beam of eight feet, six of which are flat, and a crew weighing not more than 1,000 pounds, usually six men.



EUGENE M. WALETZKI
Lightning Champion
1934, 1935
New Orleans

There are three very slow one-design classes which compete all over the world, Lightning, Star and Snipe. The slowest competition is with the Star. It's strictly a racing boat and it breeds racing sailors. I own a Lightning. The advantage is that I can enjoy sailing her as well as racing her, which is as it should be.

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NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

*Pan-American listed dates and
AAU events through August*

JUNE

- 10-11 Pan-Am team and individual events, Los Angeles
- 11 Ohio team, champs, track & field, Dayton
- 11 Central College Conf. champs, track & field, Elkhart, Ind.
- 11 Wash. St. A&F champs, track & field, Ft. Lewis, Wash.
- 11 All-Star meet, track & field, Worcester, Mass.
- 11 Nat. all-Iowa meet of champions, track & field, Ames, Ia.
- 11 Pacific Area champs, track & field, Stanford, Calif.
- 11-12 Pac. Area open and representative champs, Mt. San Vito, Calif.
- 12 National track, high school, Oklahoma
- 12-13 Nat. and Pac. A&F meet, track & field and Pan-Am trials, Boulder, Colo.
- 12-13 Jr. championships, track & field and Pan-Am trials, New Providence
- 13-14 Nat. U.S. A&F championships and Pan-Am trials, Washington, D.C.
- 13-14 Nat. and Pac. A&F meet, track & field, Cleveland
- 13-14 Pac. A&F team, track & field, Seattle
- 13-14 Pac. A&F team, track & field, Seattle
- 13-14 Englishman Exp. track trials, Lake Mead, Ariz., Phoenix, Ariz.

JULY

- 1-2 Jr. national meet's champs, track & field, Bangor, Me.
- 1-2 Road meet, women's Pan-Am, gymnasium, West Palm Beach, Fla.
- 1-2 Atlantic champs, Pan-Am trials, track and field, Long Beach, Calif.
- 1-2 28-hr. Pan-Am, Northeast, Mass.
- 1-2 28-hr. meet, Pan-Am trials, track & field, Calif.
- 1-2 National meet, track & field, Portland, Ore.
- 1-2 Junior meet, Portland, Ore.
- 1-2 P&A, N.E.S.R. dual meet, track & field, Portland, Ore.
- 1-24 28-hr. relay, 28-hr. relay, Pan-Am, track, Stanford County Horse Club, Conn.
- 1-24 National meet, track & field, West Seattle, Wash.
- 21-22 Jr. and medal meets, track & field, St. Louis
- 22-23 Pac. A&F championships, track & field, Fresno, Cal.
- 22-23 Jr. Pan-Am trials, wrestling, East Lansing, Mich.
- 24-25 Jr. and high champs, and Pan-Am trials, weight 80 lbs., Tulsa, Ok.

AUGUST

- 1 New England state's trials, track & field, Ark.
- 1-2 So. Atlantic Area champs, American police, Richmond
- 1-2 Pan-Am trials, water polo, Chicago
- 1-2 Pac. A&F trials, men and women swimming, San Leandro, Calif.
- 1-2 World handicap, 100 and 200 m. swim, Huntington Beach, Calif.
- 1-2 Pan-Am trials, men's gymnastics, West Palm, Fla.
- 1-2 Pac. A&F trials, men and women swimming, San Leandro, Calif.
- 1-2 National all-around champs, track & field, Baltimore
- 1-2 World Pan-Am, shooting trials, Ft. Snelling, Minn.
- 1-2 World handicap trials, Fresno, Calif.
- 1-2 A&F Olympic championships, track & field, Chicago
- 1-2 World trials, Olympia, Wash.
- 1-2 National trials, track & field, Chicago
- 1-2 Pac. A&F team, men's track & field, Olympia, Wash.



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Polka dot patterned rib in a blend of wool, silk, and cotton.

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faces in the crowd . . .

Remains were kept
openly exposed to
weather after slipping his sleep
casket's lid open
at a second viewing
last week for the
Indianapolis "Jub."
Funeral home, 1111
E. 10th St., has been
between 100 and 150



1989, WHITT, Jr., Rancho Springs, Calif. just inside his age, in four years, suddenly has golf's hottest market, in one week. He won Memphis Open playoff, shot 271 to take Kenneth Ikerby (Owen at 272) the



FRANK HENRY JR., 28, partly deaf at Western Junior College in Ogden, Utah, spent much of his two and a half year tour in the U.S. Armed Forces in Germany. He is married to his daughter, who is in the same tour.



LARRY PERAZICH, 2000-2001, started Dec. 18, 1994, 14-year-old who had national junior triathlon titles, 12th and 13th, and was a pre-professional triathlete, gave him a new focus. "I had a vision for what I wanted to do," he says. "I wanted to be a triathlete."



STUTSUNG ADLER, 66, way, round phage, marine organism and now governor of Tokyo, was leader of foreign Japanese oil-company. He left shortly after in 1941. He was in Tokyo.



CHRISTINE THOMAS, 17-year-old Bostoner who has spent family net on Wimbledon, continued to come up for bigger tournaments in February's Fox Kennedy 447-5 in final of French women's of 1980.



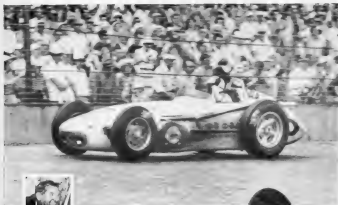
Atsuo, Hiroshima, continues his interesting work with histone research, supported by guided Carl Miller's long (unpublished) histone folding. Windsor Cusick, senior associate professor from Johns Hopkins and senior faculty member of the University of Illinois, is



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References

Health Impact

BASEBALL'S WEEK

[illegible][illegible]

The Chicago Redwings were just barely leading the league in the Memorial Day quarter-season mark. After a runaway 10-1 start, the Redwings have played all 18 of their 2000 games (15-10). A long batting slump has been responsible for last week's Chicago average of only one run per game, and only good pitching has kept the team from really sliding. "We have two guys again who like to stay on this bench," said Manager Finkelstein. "They are a player for a day now and then, but I'm not pushing the panic button." The Chicago White Sox, pitching steadily next, now after the team had won 12 out of 14. The starting pitcher failed to finish in eight straight games and the Sox lost six of them. Usually reliable Billy Pierce started twice, gave up 14 hits, 11 runs in just 6 1/2 innings. The only happy note for the Redwings comes in the game with the Milwaukee Braves. Ray Wilhelms continued to lead the Redwings, and straight shortstop, only five hits in two games. Again, the Redwings were within a game and a half of first place but then lost three in a row, as the pitching started to match the weak hitting and terrible fielding, especially at third base.

The Kansas City Athletics had to field a different lineup every day, since star hitters Hal Carey and Roger Maris played



BACK FROM THE DEPTHS are Ted Williams (.401), who finally hit a home run, and Dick Kessel, who entered the first round.

as while they Mervin recuperated from an injury. The injured pitcher was hit by batting around 300. The Detroit Tigers drafted their long climb back at this point. For in a year, moved to within one game of the first division. The Boston Red Sox were allowed to trade off Frank Sullivan and Vic Wertz. Then Sullivan pitched a two-hitter at Fenway Park. Fenway will be instead on straight and three hard instead of reaching. I'll be O.K. from here on", and Wertz hit hard after being on the bench for weeks with a back injury. "I don't know how much Vic will hit". The trade is off. The Sox back has not good pitching and hitting at the same time for a change and won four consecutive games in a row, vaulting up to sixth place. Best of all, Mickey Mantle started to hit (13 for 22) and to run (four stolen bases, instead of 10 this year).

Keywords: *Class 15-17, 18th-19, 19th-21, and 22-24*
 15-17, 18th-19, 19th-21, 22-24

DOI: 10.1002/for

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Figure 1

The *Milwaukee Bureau*, clearly the strongest force in the league at this point (see page 14), were getting the breaks too. They won that Harvey (Hadden) game and later kept the Phils when Joe (Andrew) wife, was being intentionally walked reached out and hit the first wide pitch. The ball dribbled to the right and the surprised second baseman delayed fielding it long enough for the surprised third base coach to send the surprise runner on third base with the winning run. "We'll take 'em anyway we can get 'em," grinned surprised Manager Harry The San Francisco Giants finally got some opportunity hitting to complement their pitching. In one game, Ron Wagner whiffed a pitch-hit grand-slam home run in the bottom of the ninth to win it 8-4. And Wagner after his dramatic hit: "I was stakin' down their bases and looking until Mayo told me, I just wanted a hit." The *Pittsburgh Pirates* had one big game for the details of the Hadden-type, as page 16 was another that night he missed a sacrifice. Bob Ewing, who had lost one

A MATTER OF SECONDS

There were only 23 of them between Winner Rodger Ward and Runner-up Jim Rathmann over Indy's 500 miles, a race which provided an abundance of thrills and few mishaps

by KENNETH RUDEEN

IF Samuel Goldwyn does not base a movie on last Saturday's Indianapolis 500-mile race it will not be for want of heart-warming ingredients. Here was the story of a clean-cut American husband who won the nation's biggest automobile race as thousands—indeed, scores of thousands—cheered, who kissed his dog Shippy, his wife Jo and a sweet-cream starlet named Erin O'Brien in the flush of victory, who gave thanks to God for his success and celebrated on tap water from a paper cup, for our hero is a man who neither drinks nor smokes, a man whose only vice, we are told, is gin running.

The winner, 38-year-old Rodger Ward of Los Angeles, traveled the "500" at a record speed of 135.657 mph on a day with enough suspense, heartache and derring-do in it for two or three scenarios.

Ward's victory was all the sweeter for its lack of advance fanfare. Everyone knew him to be a highly skilled driver, but his main prior achievement at Indianapolis had been to get off with a cut nose after flipping end over end in his part of the four-car accident in which Bill Vukovich was killed in 1965. This year the trumpets blew not for Ward but for little Johnny Thomson, who won the pole with a car painted pink; for Jim Rathmann, whose recent victories at Monza and Daytona Beach estab-

lished him as the fastest driver in the world; for Jim Bryan, the defending "500" champion.

Every year the "500" and its month-long prelude of practice runs and qualifying trials infects the participants—drivers, mechanics, car owners—with a curious mixture of hope and dread. The stakes have become very high—\$335,150 in prizes this year—the dangers very great and the participants very fatalistic.

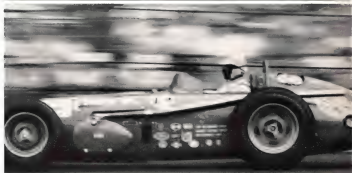
The racing cars have become so special that the slightest mechanical fault, if not detected in time, can wipe out a staggering investment in money and labor. Pit stops have become so crucial that any time-saving gimmick is worth a try. This year will be remembered as the one in which the air jack was introduced—a system using compressed nitrogen to raise a car for wheel changing by means of four steel legs that descend from the chassis. The purpose of this device is to save approximately six seconds during a pit stop.

The onrush of specialization, the intense competition, the awareness of danger, all have conspired to make the month of May a not very merry one for the Indy people. Last month

continued

ONE, TWO, THREE was the order of finish of Rodger Ward's Leader Card 549 Roadster (top), Jim Rathmann's Simco Special (middle) and Johnny Thomson's pole car, the Racing Associates Special.





was no exception. First of all, Delver Jerry Unser was fatally burned in practice. Then a rookie driver, Bob Cortner, was killed in practice. The only foreign entry, the Eldorado Majoriati that Stirling Moss drove in last year's Monza "500," failed to qualify. So did the celebrated Navia. George Salih (31, May 25), whose ground-breaking car won in 1957 and 1958, making the flat, or "side-sinder," engine-position popular, had the appallingly bad luck to have the oil pump fail and the engine seize up on the last day before the last weekend of qualifying. Desperate all through the night, work revived the car and Bryan finally qualified it. But Salih's bad luck had only just begun, as we shall see.

Despite the calamities, the lure of Indianapolis seems to grow stronger, if anything, by the year. Salih probably explained it as well as anyone when he said, "It gets in the blood."

By starting time, a crowd believed to be the largest ever for a "500," about 500,000 (official attendance figures are never released by the speedway), had gathered under a threatening sky at the old Brickyard. Mindful of the poor starts of the past two years, in which the 33 entrants attempted to form up on the track after single filing out from the pits, Speedway President Tony Hulman started the field in the traditional way, with all the cars in formation on the home stretch, as he gave his command, "Gentlemen, start your engines."

It was an admirable start—for all but George Salih & Co. As the field

rolled away, Salih's crew was still pushing the famous yellow car over the bricks. Bryan could not disengage the clutch. The crew pushed the car onto the pit apron, out of the way of the races, and worked frantically to get it moving. Five passes went by, then the second and last one. Now the race was on, with Johnny Thomson sprinting into the lead, and still Bryan was stalled. Not until two laps had been completed did he join the race, only to retire with a badly smoking car three laps later.

"We never did get the clutch fully disengaged," Salih said afterward with a fatalistic shrug. "I think we just weren't supposed to run this year."

Out on the track Rodger Ward was making a stirring run at Thomson's machine, and behind him came some of the fiercest chargers at the speedway: Dick Rathmann, Eddie Sachs, Dick's brother Jim and indestructible old Tony Bettenhausen, 42, survivor of more perils than Pauline and winner of the National Driving Championship in 1958.

Away back in 18th place at the start, Pat Flaherty, the 1956 "500" winner, amazingly began to maneuver through traffic with all of his old verve. Scarcely a week before, some had doubted that he would be able to qualify. This was to be his Indianapolis comeback after almost two years of convalescence from a racing accident. When asked why he was returning, he had grandly replied, "For the money." Car Owner Jack Zink, for whom Flaherty won in 1956, noticed during practice that the slender, red-haired Indian with the shamrock on his helmet could not seem to

go quickly when alone on the track but was altogether a different driver in competition.

As Ward squeezed past Thomson into the lead on the fifth lap Flaherty scrapped and clawed his way to sixth place. He dodged skilfully as Sachs spun into the infield in the first turn on the eighth lap and then creased across the track into the wall and back again to the right. As Jim Rathmann moved up to dispute the lead with Ward, Flaherty hurtled onward. Having diagnosed Ward temporarily, Rathmann found a demon at his heels, for Flaherty's truck was up and he wanted to be nowhere but ahead.

WORE TO TAIL

Now began one of the great Indianapolis car-to-car duels, a no-quarter match between two of the most resourceful and courageous drivers on earth. Here side by side, there nose to tail, they kept the crowd whispering. Flaherty had the lead at the end of the 28th lap, and again after the 31st, and yet again on the 34th, staying out front through the 40th, as the yellow no-passing fight went on for a minor accident.

On the 45th lap came a series of accidents involving four cars, and this abruptly changed the complexion of the race. Chuck Weyant spun in the northeast turn, some of last year's first-lap mass accident, and then was struck from behind by Mike Magill, whose car slipped. Earl Hansen and Rookie Red Amick put their cars into the infield to avoid the wreckage and were unable to restart. Magill suffered a concussion and injuries to

WINNER WARD'S CAR (LEFT) DEMONSTRATES NEW 89 HORSE AT PIT STOP. DICK RATHMANN IS HELPED TO FEET AFTER JUMPING.



two vertebrae. The others, fortunately, were intact.

This episode, combined with the fast flurry of refueling stops, resulted in a startling change in the standings. It had seemed likely that Rathmann and Flaherty would resume their daylight, and, in fact, they did, but not in the lead. During the 11 minutes and 15 seconds the yellow caution light was on for the Weyant-Magill accident, Thomson and Ward apparently were able to tear at a much faster pace than Flaherty and Rathmann, even while heeding the no-passing rule. This was a matter of sheer chance, determined by the traffic pattern under the caution light. When the race resumed in earnest, Thomson was in the lead with Ward close behind; Flaherty and Rathmann were three-quarters of a lap behind them.

Thomson kept his pink mount ahead of Ward's white one until he pitted again, after 85 laps, and so, with the race nearly half completed, Ward moved into a lead that he would cling to until the finish. He had averaged 118.039 mph, a speed substantially faster than the old record of 108.925 mph for 250 miles.

Indeed, Ward was driving the race of his life. Rathmann, who managed to take a tiring Flaherty, and Thomson were not dawdling. But Thomson could not get the best from his car after a failure in the linkage by which he hand-controlled his tension bar preload system. Installed the day before the race, the hand control was intended to permit Thomson to compensate for variations in the car's handling qualities caused by con-

sumption of fuel, among other things. When the linkage failed halfway through the race, an abnormal load was thrown on the right rear wheel. This caused excessive tire wear and forced Thomson to make an extra stop for tires, which eliminated any chance for victory.

Rathmann's car, on the other hand, was performing beautifully. He could not catch the flying Ward, but he came close. When he made his last pit stop, after 149 laps, he was just five seconds behind Ward. The crowd tensed for a roaring tussle to the finish, knowing that Ward, too, must make one last stop.

A DRAUGHTY GUY

Out of the blue, with Ward on his 168th lap and due in the pits, Pat Flaherty crashed into the outside wall opposite the entrance to the pits and shunted across the track into the pit wall. The gallant Irishman apparently was dizzy from exhaustion. A few seconds later Ward flashed into the pits for the third and last of his incredibly rapid stops (the three required only 23 seconds altogether).

Thus Rathmann (who spent a total of 88.4 seconds in the pits) had no opportunity to capitalize on Ward's advantageous pit stop because the caution light had gone on when Flaherty cracked up. Rathmann was forced to throttle down and fall into line. With the green light on again, after six minutes and 28 seconds, Rathmann was now a discouraging 27 seconds behind Ward instead of being directly behind him.

At the end, Ward thrust a black-gloved left hand triumphantly up-

ward and headed toward Victory Lane to kiss his wife, his part-terrier, part-dachshund dog and the all-Irish stable, O'Brien. Rathmann crossed the line 23 seconds later. Thomson 27 seconds after Rathmann.

A good share of the acclaim belonged to the graying California white kid, 35-year-old A. J. Watson, who built the first- and second-place cars and set the engines in them bolt upright, contrary to the fashion introduced by George Saffo. Last year, three Watson-built cars won the entire front row in qualifying but were removed from contention in the first-lap accident. Both of this year's front runners were fitted with air jacks after the time trials.

In Ward's garage, around his caution-weathered car, there was perhaps the soberest victory celebration in the history of the speedway—Ward lying it up on water; the car owner, Bob Wilke, sipping soda pop; and Watson gazing here.

Ward, a poised and personable man with dark hair and an engaging grin, will undoubtedly be one of the most popular of "500" champions. Standing in the steamy garage, mopping his begrimed face, he patiently answered the questions of a swarm of well-wishers.

No, he had had no trouble to speak of. "You never know how well you're running until you have to know," he said. "Every time I needed a little bit more today, I had it."

No, he did not carry a good-luck charm. "I'm not a real believer in luck. If you believe that the good Lord is looking after you, more than likely He'll take care of you." **END**

FROM FLAMING CAR DURING REFUELING, MIKE MAGILL'S CAR IS SPUNDED OVER OPENING CHECK REVEYNT AFTER HITTING HIM



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Farrell Gorkun

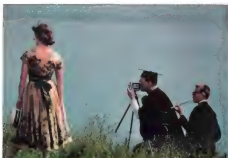
Spring and a River

**In June the river Charles is
serene and cool, its banks
dotted with students imbibing
the fleeting joys of spring**

ON THE RIVER CHARLES this week, between the shores of Cambridge and Boston, the rowing shells are loaded with rhythmic crews (opposite), the sailboats are freighted with hairbacked racers, and ashore the banks are full of students and their girls, playing, posing or just plain drowning in the sun. It is spring in New England, the kind of spring that comes late and is enjoyed to the full only by those who have endured the New England winter. Emerson knew the joys of walking along the Charles in the spring, and so did Thoreau. So did Justice Holmes and, going back a bit, John Adams and John Hancock. Before that came John Smith, who got the river named for his prince ("That fairest reach, the Charles") and before him the Algonquins, who had traced it to its source west of Boston (25 miles as the crow flies) and named it Quineboquin, or "meandering one," a perfect name since in its leisurely way the Charles covers 60 miles to the sea. In its course the Charles runs south of Walden Pond, wanders gently into the outskirts of Boston, out again and back in again under the dozen bridges that connect to Cambridge; past fair Harvard, meticulous MIT, bustling Boston University; finally, paralleling Commonwealth Avenue, it drops into the Atlantic. Here at the mouth an occasional yacht plies the waters that have borne the tea clipper, the whaling schooner and the dreadnaughts of a very young U.S. Navy. Now that progress has taken us into space, the Charles no longer carries commerce, but the young on her banks will soon be steering their way, and their nation's way, through the new age. At present, however, they are quite properly taking time from their work to enjoy sport -and the sun and the smell of fresh grass. All these are pleasures which ought to be enjoyed and which fill needs that do not change even though men may reach out and seize new worlds.

***F**our-oared crews stroke smoothly upriver past
Dunster House, their poised oars and mot-
tled reflection reminiscent of an Eakins painting.*





The Charles, like a swift Mississippi, brings summer's indolence to staid Boston school-girls and scholarly Harvard men. Along the grass of the left bank, students find time to fish, photograph or just sun. Sailboats (opposite) from MIT and the Community Boating club drive gaily ahead of breezes blowing over Boston's John Hancock building and right-bank brownstones.







Chasing through the grass by Anderson Bridge, some Harvards play a brisk game of Frisbee between classes. Below: the sun warms amateur scullers sitting out from Newell Boat House for a leisurely row down the sparkling Charles.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Multiple Choice

THAT DALEFUL TIME of examination questions is upon the country, and Walt Alston, manager of the Dodgers, was addressing a few to a Los Angeles men's club. "Suppose," he began, setting up the postulate, "the score is 0-0 in the ninth inning against San Francisco. Don Demeter singles with nobody out. Gil Hodges, Rip Repulski and Joe Pignatano are coming up next. How many of you would play safe and let Hodges bunt?"

About a third of the listeners slowly raised their hands.

"All right," said Alston, "how many of you would try to advance the man and avoid the double play by calling the hit-and-run?"

Another third cautiously raised their hands.

"How many of you would let Hodges hit away for the Coliseum's left field screen?"

The hands of the last third went up. Then all parties sat back to learn which of them, in Alston's book, had given the right answer. They are still waiting.

"You see," said Alston with a gleamy shrug, "No matter what I would do, it would be the wrong thing with two-thirds of you."

The Playing Fields of Munich

PREDICTABLE BUSINESS for the International Olympic Committee at Munich last week was settled predictably enough: Tokyo was awarded the summer Olympic Games for 1964, and Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, got the '64 Winter Games.

Less predictably, the 49-member International Olympic Committee surrendered to a power play by the Communist bloc. Either recognize

Red China as the only China, the challenge went, or stand by for a walkout. So the International Olympic Committee expelled Formosa's Free Chinese from their membership (inviting them to reapply as the representatives of Formosa alone) and invited Red China to fill out simple application forms and take over for all Chinese. The vote, said IOC pres-

ident Avery Brundage, "was almost unanimous."

Avery Brundage also said: "The moment political activities are permitted in Olympic affairs the Games are finished." This was a re-expression of the view that, really, everybody is, or ought to be, equally interested in the pure Olympic ideals

continued



"Now that we're on the map, fellows, it's time to make the big move. What do you say, Don, Del, George, to giving the fellows their 5 a.m. carfare back and blowing them all to a night at the Copa?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

of Avery Brundage. It overlooks the fact that, back in 1933, when the Red Chinese were speaking more softly, they were delighted to be admitted to Olympic competition on an equal basis with Free China; since then their demands have increased.

So as things stand now Red China has shouldered Nationalist China out of any claim to represent China. The minutes and around-the-table arguments, if any, at last week's closed-door Munich conference are not yet available. Avery Brundage may not be willing to acknowledge that Communist politicians have won a political victory on the green-baize playing fields of Munich. But we'll bet that Nikita Khrushchev, who is bucking hard to win another power game around a green-baize table at Geneva, must be whistling with admiration.

Halted, Momentarily

AT 12:45 a.m. one day last week, A three men went to the front door of 587 Crystal Lake Terrace, Haddon Township, N.J., and three men went to the back. Inside, a portly man with celebrated silver hair and over \$2,000 in walking-around money in his pockets, was watching television. Moments after the front door bell rang, he belted out the back door and hot-footed it across the dark yard. One of the men at the back, Detective Sergeant William Krega of

the New Jersey State Police, shouted, "Halt!" and, puffing slightly, Paul John Carlo, 34, known to his coffee-kitching pals as Frankie, stopped running.

Carlo had been running, with noteworthy slight of foot, since last July when he was indicted by a New York grand jury investigating boxing as an undercover manager and match-maker (SI, Aug. 4, 1968).

"I thought it was a run-out," Carlo told his cellies in a plaintive dodge as old as the Sicilian hills. "I didn't know you were cops. You should have left me alone. I planned to give myself up in a couple of days anyway."

The next day, attired in gray down to his elevator shoes, Carlo, who gave his occupation as salesman, was freed on \$25,000 bail over the protests of a New York assistant DA who vainly informed the judge that "He has a long history of disappearing after arrest."

While New York started extradition proceedings, Frankie Carlo returned to invisibility.

Stinkers in the Incas

IN DAYS of yore, England's glory was carried to the New World by such procurers of empire as Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh. Nowadays a somewhat more confining global situation has made a show of the flag more difficult for the proud

inhabitants of the island kingdom. The lesser breeds beyond the law are no longer as submissive as they once were, but the Englishman of today ran and down repeat with Nelson that "England expects every man will do his duty."

What then of the team of all-England soccer players who scored



the New World for the greater glory of the land whose name they bore?

Sports pages in London's newspapers were bordered in black as they reported the team's progress. "Our players looked like cart-horses (old ones at that) alongside racing thoroughbreds," reported one sports-writer after the first game in Rio (Brazil 2, England 0).

"England were stinkers in the Incas," sneered the *Daily Express* after the second game in Lima (Peru 4, England 1). "Let's keep these wandering washouts at home and stop permitting picnic players to bring shame to England."

When the English team at last reached Mexico there was some slight stirring of optimism in the press. For the first time in the tour, London's *Daily Mirror* noted in dour irony, the team had shown some sign of fight: it has complained about the rooms in its crowded hotel. Almost immediately afterward, however, a 2-1 defeat by the supposedly mediocre footballers of Mexico put England back in the dumps. "We have sunk," moaned London's *Daily Telegraph*, "to the lowest level in our history." The Mexicans themselves, said the papers in funeral accents, were so disgusted at England's performance that when a ball refused to fight later that same day, the bullfight fans promptly dubbed him "Inglaterra."

In what was perhaps the harshest charge a British sportswriter could level at his own countrymen, the *Telegraph's* man went on to say that

couldn't read our page 40

They Said It

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, registered supporter of the *Washington Senators*, happily purging a suggestion that his press secretary, Jim Rogers, a Yankee fan through good and bad times, jilt is for Manager Casey Stengel: "Well, he couldn't do much worse."

TOM BRUETT, assistant football coach at Baylor (3 lost, 7 lost last year), explaining a retrospective game: "The football team has to walk across a hang sheet to reach its practice field, so a sign was erected that said 'Drive with Caution; Do Not Injure Football Players.' After we lost our fourth game, someone awarded the sign by adding—'Wait for the Coach.'"

GARY PAUL, *Overseas Radio's* general manager, offering an unusual theory as to why TV keeps people away from ball parks: "It used to be all you could do to check your home town weather before going out. Now those telecasts give you charts that show good friends at home, but bad friends here and there that might want to jump you. So you stay home."

TICKET TO A NEW ERA, MAYBE

THIRDAUDY and costly piece of cardboard is one of more than 3,000 already sold. It could be a ticket to the launching of boxing's New Era. It will indeed admit the bearer to witness ("live") the fight duly described on its face but, as far as the launching of the New Era is concerned, we say "could be" advisedly.

Let us, like Al Smith, who once said he would just as soon see boxing abolished, look at the record:

Public, press and federal courts get fed up with boxing's dirty business and the James D. Norris-IBC monopoly is finally broken.

Cas D'Amato, fight manager who had singlehandedly fought the monopoly, finds himself in control of boxing's most valuable property—the world's heavyweight championship, won by his tiger, Floyd Patterson, even before the dissolution of the evil monopoly.

Patterson, who had fought his way up through the 1952 Olympic Games, almost certainly is the most skillful fighter to enter the heavyweight division in many years and may even be great, but because of his inactivity during the D'Amato-IBC vendetta, a tantalizing question persists: Is he really a great champion?

Enter Ingemar Johansson, handsome, dashing Swede, undefeated as a professional. Ingo startled the boxing world with a one-round knockout of undefeated Eddie Machen, the American heavyweight then rated No. 1.

Bill Roosenbach, bright young newspaper, becomes promoter of this international fight and, after shrewdly touring the country to examine possible sites, picks Yankee Stadium, as glamour home for the big fight, sets June 25 as the date.

Patterson goes into training, says "I will retain my championship."

Johansson arrives from Sweden with family entourage and says "I will ruin him with my right hand and take the title back to Sweden."

Verdict? or Skunk? Here are all

the ingredients for the kind of fight that could launch boxing's New Era.

So why do we say "could launch" and not "will launch"? We hedge for two reasons:

1) Million-dollar gates never have been achieved by accident. They have resulted from skillfully executed promotions, with the fighters built up to heroic stature in the

public mind, their training sessions covered with excitement, an atmosphere of supreme importance built around the fight and the principals. Remember Dempsey vs. Carpentier?

2) Practically all that has happened in the vital stages of this promotion has been a series of public business squabbles between the promoter and the champion's manager and various and assorted lesser parties, none of whom will ever face on a pair of gloves. The fighters have been all but ignored. There has been no proper buildup for the fight as a fight. As late as last week it was necessary for the manager of the champion to interrupt his dark irrelevancies in order to make a reassuring public announcement that the fight would be held as scheduled.

This has been a very poor promotional start for the New Era. As a fight (meaning that which is to take place in the Yankee Stadium ring June 25) it is a natural, for Johansson will be the first true threat to Patterson's title that the champion has met.

The executive branch of this bout (those blazes aforementioned who will never lace on a glove) must now restore the fight to its true importance. It must desert from public, unprofessional rows and turn to its real job: the achievement of a huge box office success. An artistic success will not be enough to usher in the New Era. Box office success is essential to the excitement of prizefighting. Without it on this occasion one can only conclude that boxing's era of dirty business has merely been replaced temporarily by an era of goofy business.

Red Carpet Ringside \$100.00

SECTION	ROW	SEAT
8	6A	18

YANKEE STADIUM
161st STREET and 157th AVENUE
BRONX

FRIDAY JUNE 25, 1959
8:30 P. M.

ROOSEVELT ENTERPRISES, Inc.
15 Union Square, NEW YORK
PRESENTS

PATTERSON vs. JOHANSSON

World Heavyweight Championship
15 Rounds

SEAT PRICE	\$59.50	\$100
TAX 7.00	6.50 TOTAL	
STADIUM FEE	4.50	

INDEPENDENT STIM
PATTERSON vs. JOHANSSON

SECTION	ROW	SEAT
8	6A	18

YANKEE STADIUM (Seating Box)
RAIN CHECK
IMPORTANT
MAP PRICE \$5.00

JUNE 25
7:30-1:30 P. M.

5 SEATING BOXES AVAILABLE FOR BOXING OFFICE
In this event the performance date is subject to change
and is indicated from last date.

Red Carpet Ringside \$100.00

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

England's team had "shocked even Americans." These were bitter words indeed when everybody knows that Americans (of the U.S. type, that is) scarcely knew what soccer is. An Englishman moved on to face a hastily assembled group of scrab footballers in Hollywood, London's sports pages hid their faces in horror. "Our only chance," muttered one, "is to take on Donald Duck and the Marx Brothers."

As it turned out England won by a score of 8-1, but in London that was of no account whatever. Colonialish, you know. "It has been," concluded the *Express* of the whole tour, "a shameful expedition."

Dascoli Is Dascoli

RICHMOND Umpire Frank Dascoli's protests against our Umpire Bounce Averages of the last two years, showing that his four-man Na-

tional League team usually leads both leagues (21, April 17)? You'll recall that Dascoli did not quarrel with our statistic but only with the suggestion that he and his boys are thumbs-up. Well, through Memorial Day, Dascoli & Co. are well ahead, again, for 1938. Like this:

NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Team	Games	Average
Dascoli	19	.455
Harlicks	4	.273
Custons	4	.182
Beggs	2	.000
AMERICAN LEAGUE		
Papavellus	3	.375
Sammons	3	.375
Rasmussen	2	.350
Beggs	0	.000

Connoisseurs should agree that Dascoli had one of his finest moments in Los Angeles on the night of May 20. Mightily displeased by the call of a third strike, and considerably

enthused because the call ended the game, Johnny Temple of the Cincinnati Reds directed a simple question to Dascoli, umpiring at home plate: "Do you think you're the Almighty?"

Said Dascoli with Biblical simplicity: "I am."

Record Pills

A FEW YEARS ago, in the wake of a tidal wave of sub-four-minute miles and other record-rapturing phenomena, the athletic world was rife with rumors of doped athletes. Old records, it was said, were being broken not by superior effort and training but by the indiscriminate administration of medication known variously as "pop pills," "benzies" or, more officially, amphetamine sulfate.

Along about June 1937, the rumors became prevalent enough to engage the attention of the American Medical Association, and the A.M.A. decided to investigate. Under the direction of a special committee headed by Dr. Allan J. Ryan, the association launched a two-pronged investigation designed to find out, first, whether the pop pills were really being used in anything like the rumored quantity and, second, whether they were in fact affecting athletic performances.

The second of these questions was by far the easier to answer, and the answer came out as a definite yes. As a result of two separate sets of controlled experiments—one at Harvard and one at Springfield College—researchers found that in approximately three-quarters of the cases tested the administration of amphetamine improved performance in weight throwers as much as 3%, in runners as much as 1 1/2%, and in swimmers from .38 to 1.18%.

The doctors were chary of offering an explanation of how the drug achieves its effect, but at least one football coach who admitted experimenting with pop pills said that in his opinion they had no effect on a player's ability but merely kept him from getting fatigued at the normal time.

continued



"I don't know how my wife does it. She drove into town last Tuesday and came back with tickets for spending, parking and jaywalking."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

As to the use of the drugs by coaches and trainers: in answer to a questionnaire sent out to the athletic departments of some 1,800 U.S. schools and colleges, only 1% admitted playing with pep pills of any kind. The vast majority expressed stern disapproval of the use of any kind of stimulating drugs on ethical grounds. And, according to medical men, even those who admitted experimenting with "pep pills" were referring for the most part not to amphetamines at all but to special vitamin preparations or concentrated sugar pills which were supposed to create extra "energy." Their effect, if any, was largely psychological. Almost any athlete, if given a small white pill and told it will make him run faster, will achieve at least a spiritual lift. Several athletes, even in the controlled experiments, did better on placebos and sleeping pills than they did when given no medication at all.

In any case, the special committee of the A.M.A., though not particularly worried, declared itself as against "the indiscriminate administration of stimulants" on the athletic field, and resolved further "to take action to prevent such abuse."

Decision

THE MOTION to affirm is granted and the judgment is affirmed.—U.S. Supreme Court

With commendable brevity, the Justices in these 11 words last week upheld a lower court decision challenged before them, and wiped off the books Louisiana's law forbidding mixed athletic contests and requiring segregated seating.

Green Is for Nowhere

IN ITS PLACE, the color green can be one of beauty. It is, after all, the color of spring, and of money. But its place, say a good many Indianapolis "500" drivers, is nowhere near a racing car.

They were more green-conscious than usual on Memorial Day, at the 43rd "500." Some damned fool had painted his car that odious color—in

a pale metallic shade called sage brush green. Not only that, the driver, Jack Turner, was wearing a green helmet, a jaxxy, glow-in-the-dark green, by George, and the pit crew, green shirts.

"Who's worried?" asked Willie Utman, the man who picked the color for the Traveler Trailer Special. Not Willie, chief mechanic and chief apologist for the car. "I'm partial to green," he said. "The only race car I ever made a dime with was a green midget I had on the Coast. Pat Flaherty had a green shamrock on his helmet when he won his race in 1955. He's back again, shamrock and all. By the way, we got here on the 11th of May; we were the 11th to qualify; and we're living on 11th Street while we're here in Indianapolis. All strictly coincidence."

Slivering imperceptibly, Willie's auditor edged away and sought out Jimmy Jackson, the driver who placed second in 1946 in a green car and kept his health in two other green Brickyard events.

"I always liked green," said Jimmy broadly. "Before I ever got into a green car at Indianapolis I went over the wall—that was when I was a riding mechanic in 1934. It was on the 13th lap and I broke all my ribs. I think this hoodoo about green started when a midget driver named Fred Friday got himself burned pretty good in a green car just before the war. It's just a foolish superstition,



Unkindest Cut

This goller has a wicked slice
And quite a fellow-through.
That's why his partner, who stood close,
Is on the green in two.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

like drivers not having anything to do with peanuts at a race. And you'd better be ready to fight Tony Bettenhausen if you want to take his picture in the car before the race."

Needless to say, Bettenhausen, the national driving and superstition champion, was not in a green car. He was in an orange car, a good, solid Dutch orange, like the hue of a crock of Bobo Gin. He was, however, lined up for the start smack beside the tradition-flouter, Willie Utman's dandy, undoubtedly but indubitably gr—o—o.

Bettenhausen, it must be said, did a sight better than Mr. Jack Turner in the Traveler Trailer Special. As a matter of fact, the green car's fuel tank ruptured during a pit stop and spilled gas onto the pit apron. The car was retired; Bettenhausen eventually placed fourth.

The moral of this story, as we see it, is not to rupture your fuel tank in the "500." Especially if you have a green car.

You Know—Running, Jumping

HORSEPLAYERS, it has been said, are an insular lot. This opinion was given support the other day at New York's Randall's Island, where an Irish bus driver had taken a load of passengers to attend a track meet. The bus driver was overheard telephoning his dispatcher to tell him that he was going to wait until the meet was over before returning so he would have a full bus. Their conversation follows, the dispatcher's lines, of course, being approximated:

Driver: They're having a track meet out here.

Dispatcher: A what?

Driver: A track meet. You know—running, jumping.

Dispatcher: Oh, a horse race. Yeah, you stick around and enjoy yourself.

Driver: I ain't watching it. I don't care for this kind of thing.

Dispatcher (incredulous): You don't like the horses?

Driver: It's not a horse race.

Dispatcher: Then what's going on out there? Who's running anyway?

Driver (rueful): Men themselves.



TIED AND GONE AFTER LOGGING A HISTORIC "PERFECT" GAME, HARVEY HADDOX SHOWS FEELINGS ON HIS CLEARED BROW

Virdee in right center.

Crandall up. SIC. R2 LO. Side out. Crandall hard to Virdee in center.
Nothing across.

12 Palka up. R1 LO O4. R2 LO O5. SIC. Palka fly to left field bleachers R2. Out. Palka grounded out. Maddin to Nelson. Lopez up. R3 LO O5. SIC. R3 LO R3. Out. Lopez tied to Virdee in short center. Burdette up. He too gets a big hand, SIC. R1 LO O5. R2 LO. SIC. Side out. Burdette grounded out, Hank to Nelson.
Nothing across.

13 Mantilla up. Pete right. SIC. Line foul to left R2. R1 O5. Error. Mantilla safe at first when Hank threw badly to Nelson. This is the first throw to reach base. Mathews up. Mathews sacrificed, Maddin to Mantilla covering first. Mantilla on second. Aaron up. R1 R2 R3 R4. Aaron purposely passed.
Adcock up. R1 O5. H4 end of game. Adcock's hit is actually a home run into the right center field bleachers, but when Aaron came across the diamond through the pitcher's box, to home plate an immediate protest is made and the umpires force Aaron back to make the proper base run ahead of Adcock. Time called now for a debate ruling as to whether the home run will actually be that. The ruling is a two-base hit for Adcock, and Aaron is automatically out. Adcock's hit scores Mantilla with the winning run. One run. One hit. One error. Out left.

THE HIS PITCHES OF HARVEY HADDOX

INNING	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	TOTALS
TOTAL PITCHES	13	10	7	12	4	8	8	7	9	8	6	14	11	119
BALLS	4	4	1	4		1	1	2	2	1	1	6	4	33
CALLS STRIKES	2	2	2	3		1	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	19
SWINGING STRIKES	1	2	2	1		4	2	1	3	1	1	3		20
FOULS	3			2	1		1	1	2			1	1	12
BASE HITS												1	1	
SACRIFICES													1	1
ON BASE ON ERROR												1	1	
POP-UPS							1							1
LINE DRIVES	1		1											2
GROUND-OUTS	1	2			1	1	2	1		1	1	2		12
FLY-OUTS	1		1	2	2			1	1	2	2	1		13
STRIKEOUTS	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2						8



NOTHING BUT THE TOOTH

For several years now the University of Chicago has been long on brains and short on brawn. Today there is talk of a renaissance of sport at the school (SI, June 1). But tradition at Chicago is not of the stuff that can be wiped out in a week. And if Al Jacobs (above, right) did

not have the brawn to win a 100-yard dash in a college track meet last week, he did have the presence to use his brainy head to snap at the finish-line tape. The winner was John Moon of Tennessee A&I, who threw up his eyes in triumph as he won by the skin of Jacobs' teeth.

SMALL VISIT TO VEECK'S PLANET ▶

The four midget spacemen, advancing with ray guns drawn on the Chicago White Sox dugout are bearing mailies toward no earthlings. Deposited in Comiskey Park by helicopter, they bear instead an invitation from Bill Veeck, the uncanny boss of the White Sox, who was up to his customary ball game tricks last week. The little men were present, explained Veeck, never far from some rationale for his irrational stunts, to give aid and comfort to little Luis Aparicio and Nellie Fox. Then Veeck disclosed that one of the midgets had once been hired as a pinch hitter in 1953 when Veeck owned the old St. Louis Browns.

Next day 100 bearded men from Ford County, Illinois, celebrating their county's centennial, showed up, and Veeck was delighted. "And this wasn't my idea," said he. "I attract these things. The other night we had an uninvited one-man band in the bleachers. I think screwballs feel at home with me. We're kindred spirits."





◀ POWER AND POSITIVE THINKING

The man in the white T shirt pasting Billy Tisdale is Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight champion of the world. Tisdale is one of Patterson's transient sparring partners and, as Floyd views things from the ring with gracious, thoughtful equanimity, Tisdale views things from the bottom, impatient and rueful. Shortly after this right hand, Tisdale was felled with a left hook to the ribs. "Thanks for watching me work out," Patterson told his audience with a gentle wave. "If I wasn't hurt I wouldn't have been lying there, now would I?" said Tisdale, bitterly.

Patterson, who fights Ingemar Johansson this month, sat in his small room and apologized for the unruly behavior. He put a Jackie Gleason LP on for background ("I like semiclassical music") and stirred a mug of hot tea. He combed his hair with vigorous strokes and said he hoped he hadn't sprayed anyone with water. Then he went for a walk. He has two walks: one he calls his "thinking walk," on

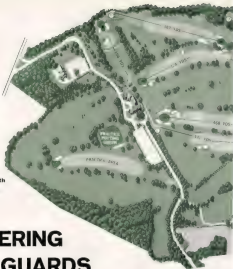
which he thinks about "boxing and life in general"; the other, his "observing walk." Of his thinking walk he says: "When you walk down that road, you get the country feeling. The houses are spaced out. That's really a nice walk in nice shade. I wonder why you think better walking than lying down?"

On this afternoon Patterson took his observing walk, which is down a well-traveled road from Khan's Training Camp in Chatham Township, N.J. He said he would not think about Johansson until the week before the fight. He said he would start dreaming about him then, too. "I dreamt of the Moore fight," he said, "but the dream never finished."

He also talked about his manager, Gus D'Amico. "He makes mistakes," he said, "but the more they try to turn me against him, the more his quality comes out. Lucky he isn't a woman. I might have married him." It is such statements of faith that make D'Amico loopy. Floyd laughed.

PREVIEW

At Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y., some memorable golf history has occurred, including one of Jones's great victories. The course will again get the spotlight with next week's U.S. Open and



A MUSTERING OF THE GUARDS

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

ON this the comparative eve of another National Open, the air in all good golfing circles is being filled with the usual blithe speculations as to whether the course (Winged Foot) will prove to be too easy for the boys (or possibly too rigorous after the USGA's annual march against the fairways) and by such concomitant predictions as what the winning four-round total will be and who will be posting it in this 59th edition of the game's most important championship. There cannot be interest without conversation—one-third of the pleasure of any event lies in anticipating it just as one-third of its pleasure lies in remembering it—and certainly no man worth his alpaca sweater should be expected to stand quietly

by as the Open field assembles and not announce whom he is picking to win. At the same time—and I think I am speaking for temperate listeners throughout the country—it would be a decided boon if the predictors forwent their usual assumption of rare powers of analysis and divination and simply stated, as they reached for the nearest rewind stick, why they hope a certain golfer will win and why they think he may be able to. This is as far as anyone can reasonably go. As regards forecasting the winning total, a play which has gained increasing favor because it shows the forecaster is really close to the game and may have possibly played the course or at least driven past it, the fewer the prognostications the better unless the

seer is also able to foretell weather conditions and their effect on the course, for certainly these factors can push an estimate for 72 holes 10 strokes or more either way.

These thoughts occur with a special meaningfulness these days, for the 1969 Open looms as one of those really open Opens. Any one of 40 golfers can win it. They have the game in them, that many and maybe more. (Among the top 10 finishers in the 1968 Open, for example, were such players as Dick Motta, Don January and Tommy Jacobs, who, capable as they are, would not ordinarily be rated among the serious contenders for the title.) Like all other athletes involved in games which call for extremely exact timing, golfers have their hot and



WINGED FOOT SCORE CARD

HOLE	YARDS	PIN	HOLE	YARDS	PIN
1	442	4	10	388	3
2	495	4	11	389	4
3	387	5	12	350	5
4	425	4	13	333	3
5	384	5	14	375	4
6	325	4	15	427	4
7	147	3	16	403	4
8	400	4	17	434	4
9	448	4	18	424	4
OUT 3,400		25	IN 3,453	25	
			3,426	25	
			6,876	50	

cold stretches, and the winning of the championship will in the end depend on who happens to be right on his game the three days of the tournament and has the poise and courage (and that little bit of necessary luck) to make the most of his opportunity. Until play actually starts, there is really no knowing who will be in top form. Some players will come to the Open riding hot streaks and others will act in the practice rounds as if the course was designed for them by their local Department of Parks, but these advance showings seldom bear any relationship to what the golfer produces when the bell rings. The reverse is as likely to happen. While admitting that Walter Hagen was no average man and that his highs and

lows were abnormally mercurial, certainly no one would have looked for Walter to win the 1928 British Open (which he did) a week after he had been posted 18 and 17 by Archie Compston in a special 72-hole match, or to win the 1929 British Open (which he also did) on an unpredictable rebound from a 10 and 8 defeat in the Ryder Cup matches by George Duncan. There just is no reliable pre-tournament gauge. After the first two rounds of the Open are completed but not any sooner, old hands may have a few honest glimmerings as to who has a fair chance to win. However, it is only a little before noon on the third day, Open Saturday when the last 36 holes are played, that the picture really begins to develop sufficiently so

that that uncommon person, the truly prescient golf observer, can begin to sense who among the golfers in a position to win looks as if he can go on and actually do it.

There are two main reasons why American golf fans tend to think of championship form as more predictable than it is, and they are Jones and Hogan. Between 1923 and 1939, Bob (forgetting about his records in the other major tournaments) won the National Open four times in eight

continued

attempts, and two other times lost only after a playoff. He was a genius, of course, both as a golfer and a competitor. Where most men under pressure invariably find a way to lose, Jones, one of the battle-hardened as he might be, and there, generally found a way to win. The same is equally true of Hogan. You have to have outright genius to capture four Opens in five consecutive starts, as Ben did between 1913 and 1915, and then barely miss a fifth as he did in 1924 when he lost that dramatic playoff at Olympic. Notwithstanding

the championship level. This abundance of talent is reflected in the record entry of 2,288 players for this Open and, indirectly, in the institution this year of both local and sectional qualifying rounds to determine the 131 players who with the 19 exempt players will comprise the starting Open field.

About four years ago, in the last stages of the Age of Hogan, it was conventional to group tournament golfers in three categories depending roughly on their age and experience. As you may remember, Hogan and his contemporaries, who were called the Old Guard, were past it and ap-

planned, I am afraid, were bound to view as the chosen music of our age. In any event, the time has perhaps come to dismiss all the Guards and to view the scene with a fresh eye, but before we do, using the old groupings can serve to bring out the ways in which things have changed and the ways they haven't over the past four years.

In 1913, as we have said, everyone was wondering when the Young Guard would finally break the hold of the older players in the prestige of tournaments. Over the last two years they have. Lionel Hebert, 29 at the time, took the 1947 P.G.A. debating Don Finsterwald, then 38. In the final, Finsterwald came back and won the 1948 P.G.A. Arnold Palmer, 28 at the time, broke through as the Masters in 1954, less than four years after he had won the Amateur.

Although Peter Thomson, the 29-year-old Australian international, has whipped the field in four British Opens, no member of the Young Guard, several of whom are now in their 30s, by the way, has yet managed to win our Open. There is every reason why they should, and every reason also why the members of the old Middle Guard and the old Old Guard should. The successes in the past ten years of Middlecoff, Burke and the other Middle Guardmen and their subsequent partial retirement from the week-after-week circuit pace (which their age suggested and their affluence made possible) seem to have taken nothing away from their skill. In fact, they seem to have strengthened the point, which Jones made in the 190s and Hogan in the 1920s, that giving your energies for the big ones is a sensible approach to the arduous business of tournament golf. As for the old Old Guard, the years hardly seem to have touched them. Maybe they are not winning so frequently—they cannot number as many outright fourth rounds as they once could—but they remain extraordinary players. Sam Snead, for instance, who on the basis of his weekly performances on All-Star Golf has become a national living-room idol of the game (deserving as Faldin, Ryan, Karp and the other stars of our early satellite legal system, to use, as he turns 17, no capable of winning the Open as he was the day he took his first crack at it in 1937 when the coconut straw industry had hardly been mobilized. In short then, the Old Guard is still with us, the Middle Guard certainly is, the Young Guard



RESULTS at MATTHEW TUCK, as Winged Foot's pro staff is sometimes called, is headed by Chuck Harrison, 40. Current assistant at his left are Earl Farneth, Jay Byrnes, Willie Frank, Pete Harrison, no relation. A young girl stands under Harrison.

Ben's stirring comeback victory in the Colonial Invitational a month or so ago, today he is well past his golfing prime, as he would be the first to declare. At the same time, he still has the game, if his putting holds up, to win another Open; let him get off with good rounds on Thursday and Friday and on Saturday's exhausting average-round this indomitable warrior will carry his years like a feather. But the main point is that Hogan is not quite the player of the early 1920s when it was virtually Hogan versus the field, and since he isn't, in American golf there is presently no all-arounding superior. Instead, what we have at the moment is a vast array of prodigiously talented players. Never before have so many been so good on

putting on lower and lower circuit tournaments. When the major events come around, though, they still look the play away from the promising young men who were kindling new fires on the tour, the Young Guard, the boys in their middle and late 20s. And when the Old Guard didn't dominate the big ones, the so-called Middle Guard did. This was the group of players in their mid-30s, among them Middlecoff, Barnes, Burke and Bolt. There is some question, when one looks back, as to the suitability of these names we all attached to the various groups. Certainly the term Middle Guard is about as inspired as the experience of the cross and quarts which are grinding out the rockabilly melodies that later histo-

has quietly arrived, and additionally there are many, many other splendid golfers—some like Venturi and Player are even younger than the old Young Guard, others like Art Wall, Stan Leonard and Jay Hebert do not fit into the old categories—and all must be reckoned with at Winged Foot as men who can fit the slipper.

The famous West Course at Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y. should present the best Open test since Oak Hill (in Rochester) in 1948. It was at Oak Hill, you may recall, that a minor millennium was reached: the officials of the USGA, braced to receive the annual complaints that they had stifled the course with their ministrations, were accosted by one player after another and brazenly complimented on its fairness and appeal. There were good reasons for this. First, the rough at Oak Hill had not been brought in, as it usually is for the Open, to that point where, as Mr. Sam Snead has described it, "you can jump clear across the fairway in one spring." Furthermore, the rough was playable to the degree that it should be. There is a sound school of golfers which holds that a golfer should be able to play a four-iron from an average lie in the rough, and at Oak Hill four-iron rough did obtain. Inverseness, the virtue of the 1957 Open, was nowhere nearly as popular with the players, nor was Southern Hills in Tulsa, where Tommy Bolt put together his four brilliant rounds last June. The chief trouble with Inverseness was that this fine old course was no longer lengthy enough or stiff enough to challenge the modern professional. In trying to make it so, the USGA went back to string-bean fairways and to astrakhan collars of rough around the green, a treatment that indeed made Inverseness more difficult but in an artificial way which depreciated its worth. Last year at Tulsa the Bermuda grass rough was allowed to grow to the height of northern grasses. Since no one could then get out of it with any club except a wedge, this upset the proportions of a course which, with its hard, baked-out greens, would have been amply testing anyway.

These excesses will probably be avoided at Winged Foot—at least they should be. There is already plenty of course out there without inventing one, now that two weak par-5s (the 9th and 18th) have been transformed into long par-4s, new bunk-

ers built on the 4th and 13th which alter these holes drastically, and substantial length added to many of the other holes by extending the tee to the rear. On 19 of the 12 par-4 holes, a rather long iron (nothing less than a five) will ordinarily be required on the approach. It will have to be a very accurate shot to hit and hold the greens, for they are an ornery breed. Designed by A. W. Tillinghast in 1923, they are for the most part raised slightly above the level of the fairways and are peninsular. That is, the front opening is narrow, they are pinched in a bit near the center, and most of the room lies to the back.



Along both sides of the greens hugging the putting surface closely, one finds, with few exceptions, that old Tillinghast trademark: the kidney-shaped trap with an abrupt pitch to the high sidewalk. Even the most accomplished long-iron player is going to hit a few of those traps every round, and this being the case, Claude Harmon, the Winged Foot professional, is convinced that the winner will have to be a player who can execute the soft trap shot, waiting the ball gently over the sidewalk so that there is very little run on it when it lands on tight greens whose contours make them racy.

Because of the relatively small targets the greens present and the sticky little shots a player must handle if

he misses them, Winged Foot is a course on which a man can quickly sour his score if he lets his concentration desert him even for a moment. Two vivid illustrations of this took place on Bob Jones's final round in 1928, the one time previous that the Open has been held at Winged Foot. On the 8th, then as now a long and severe par-4, Bob hit his second into the bunker on the front left side of the green. He scaled his third over the green into the trap beyond. He continued this costly game of ping-pong by hitting his fourth back over the green and into that first bunker. Then he got on, at length, and down

NEW CHAMPION

Here joyfully clutching the silver trophy given him for winning last week's British Amateur in 22-year-old Deane Beman, a junior at the University of Maryland. By defeating Bill Hyndman III of Philadelphia in the final he became the 13th, and youngest, American to win the title.

Almost completely unknown in his own country, Beman, who is married and has a 7-month-old daughter, went to England as a member of the United States Walker Cup team. He was selected largely because he had reached the quarter-finals of the 1955 U.S. Amateur and possessed an exceptional combination of golfing talents. Playing only in the singles he won his match, and two weeks later swept through the British Amateur. Just before losing Hyndman 3 and 2, Beman happened a plane to Washington and there, with 11 others, qualified for this week's U.S. Open.

in two putts for a 7. Fortunately for Jones, he had entered the fourth round with a comfortable lead and his principal challengers had been running into trouble too, so he remained in no appreciable danger until he came to the 18th, a medium-length par-4 to a well-trapped green seated at the crest of a slope. Here again Bob played a most uncharacteristic series of shots after his second had left him well short of the green on the up-slope. Wanting to pitch firmly to the flag, he punched his third yards too strong, over the back apron and into the rough behind a clumpy hamock. His fourth, which he tried to cut over the hamock, hit it. His fifth was on, and with two putts he

continued

had another inglorious J. Stoklen by his performance. Bob staggered down the stretch and only just managed to tie for the top with Al Kapinos by holing that untimely-rolling 12-footer for his par on the home green. In the play-off he returned to his best Jonsson form with a vengeance, but the playoff was at least as remarkable for the never-ending troubles that befell poor Kapinos. He failed to break 60 on either round and finished 23 shots behind, a grim illustration of how unrelenting Winged Foot can be when a golfer loses his grip on himself.

One other facet of Jones' play at Winged Foot is worth commenting on in the light of the approaching Open. Bob got off with a 69, but few 69s have been begun with poorer displays. On the first hole, then as now a very long par-4 slightly uphill all the way and into the prevailing wind, he went two over with a 6. On the second, now a drive and a two-iron bog in 1923 a drive and a pitch, Bob got his par. On the third, however, he went two over again, which is not a hard thing to do on a par-3 about 230 yards long to a heaving green with only the suspicion of an entrance. Four over par after three holes, Bob regrouped his forces, turned in 38 and, pairing it on, came home in 31. The point, though, for our purpose is this: the first three holes at Winged Foot, in 1923 no less than in 1924, comprise one of the toughest opening stretches in golf. There will surely be lots of 5-6-4 starts against the par of 1-2-3, and the player who gets by those holes in one over par will be in comparatively good shape.

The revised 4th is now a fairly hard hole but beginning on that too, nevertheless, the player who has got off rockily has a chance to settle down and try to get back over the next 11 holes, which include two terrible drive-and-pitch holes, two birdiable par-4s, and one not too difficult par-3 as many shots as he can. He will need everything he can pick up, because it will require some wonderful play not to lose a stroke or more back to par on the final four holes. Grailing par-5s which measure 417, 452, 444, and 424 yards respectively (or a total of 1,747 yards, just about a mile of golf), they make for a finish comparable to the celebrated rough rides home at Hoylake, Carnoustie and Pebble Beach.



BEN HOGAN BEARS OLD EURO FLAG



BOBBY JONES IS A MIDDLE GUNNER



ARNOLD PALMER OF YOUNG GUARD

TOMMY JACOBSON OF THE VERY YOUNG



The crowds that turn out at Winged Foot—on between 20,000 and 25,000 spectators will not be unexpected on Open Saturday if the weather is beckoning and one or two colorful players are close to the lead—will surely be excited by the course's scenic and architectural features: the Cornlike beauty of the dunes which frame many green areas, the uneven rise and fall of the fairways as distinct from the placid sweep of ordinary ones, and particularly the dramatic styling of the green areas. While Winged Foot is not quite a great course in the classic line of the greatest courses, it is a most arresting one. Few others bring home so clearly the unappreciated truth that one of the things we built better in the old days, oddly enough, was golf courses. We have some first-class architects today and they have designed some excellent layouts, but the popular assumption that the general run of our recent courses is a happy improvement on our older ones is utter nonsense. In the earlier days, in that score of years between 1910 and 1930, for example, people took their time when they constructed golf courses. They worked to expense and emphasize the distinct qualities and shot values the terrain suggested, hoping to produce courses as specific in character as Winged Foot. Today, almost because of the improvements in surviving machinery, our architects tend too often to paint the same picture time after time. For example, the modern course which has impressed itself most strikingly on our national golf mind has been the Augusta National and, because of this, we are presently experiencing sort of a Howard Johnson era of architecture in which so-called Augusta-type courses are springing up everywhere, such as inevitably pallid when compared to the original as Diana Dore is to Marilyn Monroe.

Features of these synthetic Augusta-type courses are the shallowness of the traps in the large-green areas and the all but complete absence of rough. These "advanced" make two things possible, it is argued, and they do: they permit poor golfers to score better than they would on less drastic layouts, and they help to keep down the cost of course maintenance since a large grass-eating machine like a six-gang mower can crop practically the entire course. What you lose, however, is the deep pleasure of golf,

continued

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



Vic Barringer—architect—Orlando, Fla.—helped plan many of area's most beautiful buildings—of new, self-designed home, says, "we've a great view overlooking the mortgage"—prefers cigars as long as they're Robt. Burns.



Occasionally "volunteers" for parts in wiper amate theater group—won raves in "Bells the Typewriter Girl"—cut dashes figure sporting favorite cigar—"didn't know I was smoking to keep my hands from shak-

New at skin diving—on one of first trips, broke record for rapid ascent after sighting 18-ft. shark—has built underwater home in two minutes—says, "another good thing about Robt. Burns Panatelas, you enjoy 'em without inhaling."



Clarinetist—periodically meets with a bunch of the boys for jam sessions—after the concert, out comes a pack of cards and a pack of Robt. Burns Panatelas for a friendly poker smoker.

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SPALDING

and the game is sports

the bitterest confrontation with interesting shots to play and the intense satisfaction that comes to the golfer who plays one—say, a touchy pinch to a small green on a short par-4 where the shot being shorter and performs easier than a longer approach, the slopes around the green are quite treacherous. Sharp slopes, to be sure, must be maintained by hand, but the feel and strategy of certain golf holes call for them, and in the over-all expense of operating a golf club the cost of manual labor is really not the cruxing item it is reputed to be. These thoughts being merely the foothills of a cordillera of controversy, we will leave them here and now, recommending only that Winged Foot, whether or not you drive the green areas too penal, is a fine example of a course that sets a golfer clear, definite problems and requires positive solutions.

If the West Course at Winged Foot has a substantial personality, so does the club itself. It is not as old as most people think, having been founded just after World War I by a corps of enthusiasts who were members of the New York Athletic Club. They took as the name of their country club the emblem of their city club, the winged foot. The club's prime mover and first president was the late John G. Anderson, best known to current golfers as the man in whose honor the annual invitational fourball at Winged Foot is named. A genuinely good golfer, Anderson would be a man of greater reputation had he managed to play a shade better on the two days he reached the final of the National Amateur, but Jerry Travers defeated him in 1913 and Bob Gardner in 1915, and so his name rings a hardly more resounding bell than do those of Rufus King, Paul McCullough, or Tedlingham (also of Winged Foot) and other men who have in more recent years been unsuccessful finalists in the Amateur.

Winged Foot, however, has produced a horde of champions, as many or more than any other club in the United States, one would guess. Craig Wood was the professional there in 1941 when he won both the Masters and the Open. Wood's successor, Claude Harmon, took the Masters in his third year at the club. Dick Chapman was a member there when he won the 1940 National Amateur, and the present membership rolls include the names of Tom Robbins, the National Senior Amateur champion, and

one Thomas Dickinson Armour, the quiet man who was victorious in the 1887 National Open and the 1891 British Open. A club which attracts people who like their golf strong, Winged Foot is a logical home for Fred Carrasco, the veteran golf promoter (whose house overlooks the 15th green), and Ralph Kennedy, a retired New York businessman who has played more courses than any man in history—well over 3,000. But perhaps the most distinguishing mark of Winged Foot's vitality is the very large number of scratch amateurs who have been members like Dick Mayer (or who are currently), and the equally large number of young assistants who have received their training under Claude Harmon and have gone on to considerable fame and fortune. Graduates of Harmon Tech include Jackie Burke (no distant in 1947), Shelby Maxfield (1948-49), Mike Sautnik (1949-51), Menapert (1952-54), Dave Marr (1954-55), and along with them such fine players as Ben Wernham, Otto Grimmer, Harry Dow, Gene Dahlbecker and Jay Riviere.

THE MONDAY EXPERT

Quite a number of these boys (plus Harmon, who qualifies automatically as the home pro) should be on the wing line for the 1959 National Open. Their supporters will be arguing that their "local knowledge" will be a decided advantage. It will, to be sure, but there are so many factors that come into play in an Open. Of course, after the tournament is over, why and where the new champion won will be clear as a road map. In fact, on the morning after it is always difficult to meet any golf fan who will admit he picked anyone else but the winner. I have a feeling that on the Monday following that most astounding of all Opens, the 1913 edition, there were probably hundreds of experts roaming the streets of Boston ready to proclaim to any accessible ear that they had picked Francis Ouimet. "Now turn hit some practice shots before his first round," the pitch no doubt went, "and I said right then and there, 'That boy'll bear watching.' Besides, if you follow your golf closely, Elery, you know Ouimet was different that he had done anything much before, granted. But he had the look of a champion, you see. I was only surprised that he didn't beat Vardon and Ray without a playoff." **END**

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That state of affairs seems pathetic now, but it was a fairly modern development in a sport which dates back to the Roman Empire. As late as the 1840's, golfers had used long, thin clubs with whippy ash shafts and leather balls staked with feathers. (By some makers' standards, each ball was stuffed with a volume of feathers sufficient to fill the crown of a leather hat.)

The gutta percha ball which replaced the fragile, un dependable leather variety was the invention of a Scottish clergyman—and ultimately brought about a major revolution in club design. This new ball was too hard for the slender shafts in use, and as it gained in popularity, wood heads became shorter and squarer, iron heads more refined and hickory shafts replaced ash.

The year 1898 saw the invention of another new ball of rubber thread wound around a solid rubber core—a further ball giving greater distance. Controversy developed, however, as to whether the distance gained was not offset by difficulty of control.

This debate lasted until 1901, when Walter J. Tinsie won a rubber ball to win the U.S.G.A. amateur championship. Thus the modern era of golf equipment began. Soon, wood heads were being made of persimmon and dogwood. Layers of iron were deposited, even tilted to increase backspin. Finally, seamless steel shafts appeared in 1921.

The next step was standardization. And by the end of the 1930's, clubs came in matched sets, identical in weight and properly balanced. A system of numbering was devised to identify the finely graduated club designs, and words like *muscle* and *robust* and *stock* disappeared from catalog jargon.



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How to win without Red

Even with no "leader," the Braves continue to dominate the league. They just figure to follow each other to the pennant

WITH THE passing of Memorial Day, which is the traditional end of the first lap of the annual major league mile, the National League merits a word of praise. Scarcely refusing to become complacent, as those other fellows have, and turn things upside down just to attract a little attention, the National League has pattered happily about their business in a most proper manner.

Philadelphia is in last place, the usual address for the Phillies, and Milwaukee is in first, which has become something of a permanent residence for the Braves, too. The Braves have been there most of the year. Heeding the temptation to go off on a long losing streak, a tactic despised

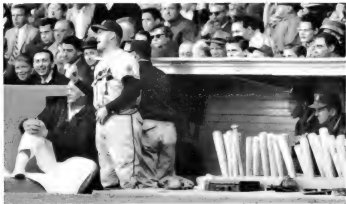
in Wisconsin as a bush-league Yankee publicity trick, the Braves have lost no more than two games in a row since the season began. The Giants are second and the Dodgers or Pirates third, and it has been a very orderly affair, enough to turn Warren Gile's hair brown. Unless Milwaukee finds some way to lose a few games, the pennant race is going to be over by the Fourth of July and the National League will have to move a couple of franchises to get any fans.

This aura of invincibility stems not from any unbreakable lead. The Braves have piled up in the last eight weeks of play—their biggest margin has been 4½ games and frequently it has been much less than that—but

from the serene ease with which they have managed to stay on top. The Pirates were supposed to be tough. So the Braves knocked them off in the first week of the season and that took care of the Pirates for a while. The Dodgers made threatening noises, so the Braves clipped them, too. Next it was San Francisco's turn. The Giants were kept in tow. And last week the Pirates, finally playing the way they should, came boiling up toward the top. The Braves took care of them again.

Milwaukee has been spreading its terror with two weapons called hitting and pitching. Since these make up about 99.44, 100th's, of baseball, only a few peevish individuals have persisted in pointing out that the club has deficiencies, too. Like they can't run a lick and the defense leaks

continued



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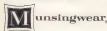


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JOHNNY GREEN, ONE OF SCHENCKENBERG'S STAND-OUTS, MAKES PLAY AT SECOND

HOW TO WIN continued

a bit and the uniforms don't fit good. In view of what has been happening so far the deficiencies seem rather trivial.

Henry Aaron is on his way to batting .700 or .400 or somewhere along in there and leading the league in runs batted in. He would also be leading in home runs except that Eddie Mathews, a teammate, is bashing baseballs out of the park at a clip which threatens the pace of Harmon Killebrew. As a matter of fact, everyone is hitting! Aaron, Mathews, Del Crandall, Joe Adcock, Bill Bruton, Wes Covington and Johnny Logan, Logan, in particular, is very pleased. He spent the winter collecting clippings which said that he was through and is now spending the spring looking up the people who wrote such things so that he can smear in their faces.

A TEAM OF 300 HITTERS

At one point, Fred Haney could have fielded a complete lineup of 300 hitters by putting Joe Morgan at second base, a temptation the Milwaukee manager resisted in the name of stopping ground balls. But Morgan is nice to have in reserve, along with either Adcock or Frank Torre (depending upon which of the two is playing first base that day), Mickey Vernon, who is still quite a hitter, Stan Lopata and guys like that.

Even on those days when the Braves don't hit, the pitching has a way of plugging up the dikes. One right three Dodger pitchers, Dan

Drysdale, Art Fowler and Clem Labine, held the Braves scoreless from the seventh inning until the 16th. But Carl Willey, Don McMahon and Bob Bush held the Dodgers scoreless from the fifth inning and hitless after the ninth, and eventually Aaron lined a 400-foot double to drive Mathews in from first and break up the game. And look what happened to Harvey Haddix last week. Lew Burdette wasn't nearly so perfect, only better, and the Braves won on one lonesome hit, that home run-double thing of Adcock's in the 13th.

Those two wise old squirrels, Spahn and Burdette, share the greatest art in the National League. Between them they have pitched half the Milwaukee innings this spring. They are tough and smart and talented and the main reason why the Braves almost never go off on a costly losing spin. Haney knows that he is going to get at least two consistent, well-pitched games every four days regardless of what the other guys on the staff might do, and this is why he has worked Spahn and Burdette, Spahn and Burdette, in the face of rain-outs and freeze-outs and off days while keeping Bush and Willey and Joey Jay and the others fretting impatiently on the bench. Perhaps this relative inactivity on the part of the second-line Milwaukee pitchers will turn out to be the Achilles heel of the ball club in the long, hot summer ahead. But, as Haney says, "What would you do?"

The fact that the Braves have hitting and pitching, however, does not come as a complete surprise. Even the most casual observer knew

that Harry Aaron could hit and it has been several seasons since anyone asked, "Who's Lew Burdette?" The big problem at Milwaukee was supposed to be the replacement of Red Schoendienst, both as a second baseman and as the motivating force of the ball club.

What the Braves have finally worked out is a system in which they don't replace Schoendienst in either of his roles. Red is feeling much better, fat and healthy after his tuberculous attack and determined to play baseball again, if not late this year at least in 1990. Still, he is unavailable. So is Mel Roach, who did such a fine job filling in when necessary last year but who has been unable to play an inning yet this season because of an injured and slow-to-heal knee.

In the absence of these two, the Braves have gone along with the material at hand: Chuck Cottier, classified by the Braves as a sort of teenage Schoendienst and given a brief fling at the job before being sent down to Louisville, where he is still labeled promising but not yet prepared; Felix Mantilla, a good journeyman ballplayer chronically afflicted with weariness (he plays baseball all winter in Puerto Rico and therefore has a good excuse); Joe Morgan, the good-hit, seldom-catch guy; and Johnny O'Brien, the All-American basketball twin with the big show of tobacco, the infectious sense of humor and a batting average which will never match his free-throw record.

None is sensational, each is adequate, and as long as the rest of the Braves hit and pitch as they do, Harry's Aunt Bertha could play second base for this ball club and it would get by.

NO LEADER IN SIGHT

Neither Mantilla nor Morgan (nor Aunt Bertha) could hope to replace Schoendienst as an inspirational force, however, and before the season began it was felt that this might be of more importance in the pennant race than more material factors. The Braves, with Aaron and Mathews and Spain and Burdette and the rest, couldn't win the pennant in 1958 nor were they winning it in 1957 until Schoendienst joined the team. With the Redhead gone, there was some question of a collapse this year.

Leadership, in baseball, is a strange and puzzling thing. It depends not only upon the individual but upon

the team, and a man who can inspire one ball club might be laughed off the field by another. Sometimes, without the necessary ability in the lineup, all the leadership in the world isn't going to do as much good as a few base hits. In other situations one player—perhaps he can't hit or field a lick—can lift a ball club with sheer burning spirit.

Billy Martin, with his chatter and constant display of aggressiveness, did a job like this for the Yankees; he helped soup up a club that was technically very, very proficient but needed an occasional jab of the needle.

There are players who lead simply by virtue of their own great talent. It rubs off on everyone and staves the loss accomplished into doing better than their best. Joe DiMaggio's contributions included a good bit of this.

And then there are teams which use a blend of leadership, extracting a certain quality from one player and a different brand of inspiration from another. On the 1961 Giants, Eddie Stanky, something of a Billy Martin type, and Alvin Dark, more like DiMaggio, fused their sparks to make a real explosion.

There are also a few very fortunate teams which seem to have nothing but leaders—veteran, experienced ballplayers who work as well together that inspiration floats off them like a Los Angeles smog. The Dodgers of Reese and Robinson and Campanella and Snider and Hodges were like that, a collection of real old pros.

And finally there are teams which need leaders but can't find them. This was Milwaukee until Schoendienst arrived.

It is all a bit intangible, however, and even today the Braves aren't sure they were ever led. "Yeah, Red inspired this ball club," says Harry. "Right out there at second base. He never said a word and he never gave any pep talks around here. All he did was hit .300 and make all the plays in the field and show people how a big league second baseman was supposed to play. You can call it whatever you like."

Anyway, Schoendienst supplied it, and the Braves won two pennants. Now he is gone—but still the Braves win. Apparently something has taken his place.

Something has. Confidence and maturity among the other players. Even these old Dodgers had trouble getting

continued

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HOW TO WIN continued

started in the beginning, and now the Braves have passed through that stage. If they lose, it will be because someone outbids and outpitches and outfields them, not because they are unsure of themselves. Now they know how it is done and they can count on each other.

The best example of this on the Braves is not Aaron, who was fated to be a great player no matter what uniform he wore, nor Matheson, who hit 47 home runs his second season in the league. The young old pro who has made himself into an outstanding ballplayer after years of hard work is Del Crandall, the catcher.

Part of the trouble Del had in living up to expectations was his own faith. He should never have looked so good to begin with. On the day he reported to the Braves in June of 1949 he was only 19 years old but stood almost 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighed a tough, rangy 170 pounds, had a bazooka for an arm and could hit the ball a mile. He didn't drink or smoke or race or chew and he went to church on Sunday. He had straw-colored hair, light-blue eyes and a friendly, happy smile. And he loved to play ball. Sort of a Jack Armstrong in shin guards.

THE CATCHER KID

Manager Billy Southworth, who had won a pennant for the Braves in '48 but a year later could only sit back and watch the prizecatcher championships come apart before his eyes, was overjoyed. He took one look at this kid from the Three-I League, sold aging Phil Masi to Pittsburgh and gapped Crandall right into the lineup.

"Greatest catching prospect I've ever seen," said Southworth.

"On the first day," said Joe Taylor, the Braves' equipment manager, "everybody was standing around with their mouths open, wondering how this kid from Class B could do the things he did."

And later Charlie Grimm was to call him "the closest thing to another Gabby Hartnett I've ever seen." In 1954 Grimm made Crandall his field captain at the age of 24.

There is no doubt that Del was good. He had been catching since he was 9 years old back in Fullerton, California, and he had been taught how to do things the right way. He also knew that it was a catcher's job to take charge of the ball game. The

first time he caught Spahn the Braves' famous left-hander shook off his signals 29 times. Crandall kept giving them. Spahn gave up and pitched the way the kid wanted him to.

Crandall had green-streaked knolls, backing up plays at first and third base, running out to the mound to scold down his pitcher, going far up the line after pop flies, moving his fielders around, belating encouragement all across the field. Here, it was quite apparent, was a boy who was going to take over. Braves fans were positive that Delmar Wesley Crandall would be hailed, sworn and kneeling, into the Hall of Fame before his 30th birthday, and lift the Braves to dizzy heights with one hand while clearing home runs with the other.

It didn't work out quite that way. 1941 hit .243, then .221. He went off to the Army for two years, hurt his arm and couldn't throw as hard when he came back. It took a year for him to get over that. He hit a good .272 the year the Braves moved from Boston to Milwaukee, which was probably just part of the hysteria which infected the whole ball club.

But then he hit .242 and .246 and .218 and .254. He had 26 home runs one season and 21 another but never did he drive in more than 64 runs. He reported 30 pounds overweight one spring and hurt a leg in a collision at home plate. In 1948 he crossed up an elbow in another close play on a sliding runner, and this bothered him for more than a year. So most people finally gave up and quit watching.

This didn't stop Del from hustling, nor did he stop yelling. The trouble is that no one on the Braves ever seemed to be listening. If it was leadership they needed in Milwaukee, Crandall apparently wasn't the man.

"I never thought I was," says Del now. "That's just the way I play ball. A guy my age doesn't go out there and inspire a bunch of other ballplayers the same way just by making noise. If they had ever thought I was trying to take over around here, they would have stuffed me head first down the drain. A leader has to be older and more experienced or else hit .260 and 60 home runs. I'm afraid I never have done that."

But when people began to look at Crandall again through the 1958 season and on he attracted even more attention with a .340-plus batting average this spring, they began to realize what they had missed. Although Del could never lead the Braves out of the

wilderness by himself, he was a pretty sturdy fellow during the march and now he can be an even stronger factor in keeping them at the top. He has become by far the best catcher in the National League.

This has been very important to the progress of the Braves, because they have had a solid, dependable, highly intelligent man behind the plate during this period when every other club has had to panic and pray and hope. Crandall has one of the strongest throwing arms in the league and almost certainly the quickest and most accurate one. He is a masterful handler of pitchers, a real student of opposing hitters and a tough man with the bat. He has never seemed to work hard and to learn... and never has he ceased to hustle.

A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA

"I found out a long time ago," says Del, "that I could make up for some of my defects by maybe working just a little harder than anyone else. It's a good life and I want to stay up here."

"Crandall is the best there is," says Spahn, "and he gets better every year."

"He always knew the hitters," says Burdette. "The thing which has made him even better is the last few years is that he knows his own pitchers so well now. He knows what we should throw to such batter and when."

"I just do what he tells me," says Jay, who is only 23 although he has been in the big leagues for six years. "He's always thinking out ahead. And he's the best target you ever saw. I don't know what he does that other catchers don't do, but he sure helps you. And, boy, he stays on top of the play all the time. He keeps you working out there. You let down for a minute and out he comes. Having Del back there has meant a lot to the young pitchers on this ball club. It's meant a lot to the entire team. Nobody else has a catcher like him in this league."

So Del Crandall, who still looks like Jack Armstrong, or maybe like his older brother, has finally arrived, although not in the way he was supposed to be in the beginning. And, like Crandall, the other Braves have arrived, too. It's going to be pretty tough getting them down from up there. They don't really need a leader any more. They just follow each other these days.

LEO

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More foul play suspected

Eleven big races have recently been marred by foul claims—justified and otherwise—and the public is wondering about it

THE boy pictured below in Manuel Ycaza. Some call him *Nekeza*, as he should be called, and others who have trouble with the various array of letters that form his name call him *Yaka-zaka*, and some even call him *Nagasaki*. But the people who crowd the rails at the race tracks call him *Munny*, and this he likes. Some say that he is a Panamanian and others say he is a Panamanian, and this he does not care for at all. His fellow jockeys say he is a rough rider and the stewards say that

he is just careless. To horsemen who have been around for a long time he is an Arcane in embryo; to those who have been around for only a little while he is Jesse James.

But if you follow racing closely you know that Manuel has troubles most of the time. Dark troubles. There are times when his fellow jockeys want to fight him for infractions of the rules. They storm at him but he dismisses them by saying, "When you speak to Ycaza, speak softly." He has been rightly accused of bumping,

herding, pinching, swearing. But no one accuses Manuel of stealing.

Within the last two years he has imagined into prominence the foul claim, and poor Manuel was forced to sit out 80 days of riding last year when found guilty of gross infractions which fell more into the category of gameness than horsemanship.

Some of the nation's best-staffed stakes have been marred by foul claims. Six races with a value of \$100,000 or over—the Washington, D.C. International, the Washington Park Futurity, the Champagne, the Campbell Memorial, the Withers Handicap and the Kentucky Derby—along with some other races rich in tradition—the McLean and Camden Handicaps, the Wood, the Kentucky Oaks and the Laurel Maternity—have been struck by foul claims or inquiries in the last 18 months.

"It seems to be a case of balcony every Saturday," Jockey Dave Erb said the other afternoon in the riders' room at Belmont Park. Erb is one of our most respected riders. "It's beginning to look as if it isn't doing the business of racing any good to have those foul claims all the time. If a fellow has a legitimate claim, certainly he should make it; it's his duty to protect the betting public, the owner, the trainer and himself by claiming. I think there are too many little frivolous claims today that take up too much time."

Although there are no complete national statistics on fouls and inquiries, a foul comes about when a jockey alleges that he has been interfered with during the running of a race; an inquiry is an action initiated by the stewards to review the running of a race. Keene Daingerfield, one of our most prominent stewards, has kept a tabulation of his work over the past four years (see about page 14).

The conclusions drawn are definite enough: "It does appear that the 'inquiry' (including both inquiries and objections) curve is rising perceptibly. I believe one contributing factor

continued



STEWARDS ASK: A stable at Pimlico called Manuel Ycaza, most claimed against jockey as he went to face stewards after rough riding which cost him the rich 1916 Flamingo stakes.



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hands are tied. If he doesn't claim, then he probably won't be riding for that trainer any more."

George Edward Amaro, a boy of some ability, stood the other afternoon, cutting a towel against his very plain facial features. "There are numbers being taken down today that would not have been taken down before the films," said Amaro. "The films have put the pressure directly on the stewards. Look at the Kentucky Derby. Just about everyone who saw those films agreed that the bumping between Tony Lee and Howard Dancer was just about equal. Now, if we didn't have the films there

STEWARDS' STAND

State, Arlington and Washington Parks: 1961; Hialeah, Garden State, Arlington and Washington Parks: none in 1960.

	DISHONORABLE POSITIONS	FOLLY CLAIMS	DISHONORABLE POSITIONS	FOLLY CLAIMS
12	4	13	1	
13	8	18	1	
16	12	25	2	
14	9	24	5	
20	15	46	5	

could be no re-creation of the race. But when the films are around it a boy gets bumped up a little he's going to claim foul and take a shot at getting the race in the movies. Early last year around New York there was a rash of foul claims that didn't look too good. Some people think that a boy should have to post a bond when he claims foul and if the foul claim proves to be frivolous that the boy would have to forfeit the bond. Well, I'm against that. It defeats the whole purpose of the films and—think of this—if a young rider claims foul and he is fined for being frivolous, well, you can bet he isn't going to claim again, even with a serious reason."

Cal Rainey, the steward representing The Jockey Club at New York's race tracks, thinks that today's methods of detecting fouls are so convoluted that if a boy feels he was bothered he should claim. "Many boys," says Rainey, "are often wrongly accused by the public of making frivolous claims while in the jockey's own mind he thought his claim was legitimate. In the old days perhaps they were more tolerant of fouls but today racing is more technical."

"In New York," Rainey continues, "we try to treat every race the same way, whether it's a \$100,000

Continued on p. 20

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stake or a \$1,500 claiming race. If you do this, then you have a group of jockeys who know they will be getting fair treatment all the time. We do not brief the riders before a big race. Most of the riders in New York are here all the time and know the standards are high. Sometimes when we go over the films of a race the following day, with the riders present, a foul will be very obvious to the other riders and the boy who has committed it will feel pretty silly, because every rider in the room will just sit silently. In the older days some of the boys reached out and pushed another horse away; they'd grab the saddle and saddle cloth of the boys they were riding against. Some of them were so used to doing it that they didn't even realize that they were doing it.

"Today," Hainey says, "we are more mechanized. The whole trend of racing is toward mechanization. It's good and it protects the public."

The public, however, seldom concerns itself with mechanization outside of the tote operation. In last year's Flamingo and this year's Winder there were heated demonstrations by bettors when foul claims were lodged. The delay at the 1968 International was almost farcical. When the public came away from the track it knew only that Tuxer Era was disqualified and Sailer's Guide's number had been posted. This year's Derby, although the film patrol shows an equal amount of contact between Tony Lee and Speed Hancer, still magnified those at the race track. Perhaps in an era of mechanization, with closed-circuit television sets available at many of our tracks, the stewards should run the film patrol so that the public could see it and be readily aware of why a claim was lodged and why a horse was disqualified. It could bring back to the race, day after day, a more enlightened, educated public, which is, after all, what the race tracks are hoping to do.

Meanwhile, more fouls are being punished than ever before. It is doubtful that jockeys are more prone to commit fouls than they used to be. Therefore—and this is the important point—more fouls are being discovered which used to go unnoticed. The next step—once the system of surveillance has been streamlined—is to reduce the number of fouls actually committed. ■■■■

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Dine in Burgundy

To the Europe-bound vacationer, a noted gourmet offers a personal selection of great restaurants in the heartland of France

AMONG this year's waves of transatlantic travelers there are many who plan to rent or buy one of the diminutive and thoroughly engaging European cars and do their sightseeing in the most adventurous way—on the road. Those who head south out of Paris, perhaps following the much-driven route along the Rhone Valley to the Riviera, are almost certain to be heading for experiences of a lifetime in fine eating and drinking. For, on any day's drive out of the French capital, the motorist finds himself in the celebrated province of Burgundy.

One thinks first of robust red and white wines when Burgundy is mentioned. The wine enthusiast has a special thrill when he first travels along the *Roads des Grands Crus*, which stretches along vine-covered hills between Dijon and Beaune. In rapid succession he goes through villages with such famous names as Gercy-Chambertin, Vosne-Romanée, Chambolle-Musigny, Volgey, Pernand and Meursault, each the citadel of a noble wine. But Burgundy is famous for other things, among them Romanesque abbeys, walled towns—and gifted chefs. Their cookery is savory and substantial. Making use of fine Charollais beef, hams from the Morvan, plump chickens from La Bresse, lake trout, fresh-water crayfish, Dijon mustard and the world-famous *cognac de Jurançon*—snails, these chilled soups preside with dignity in historic hotels, country inns and roadside *cabarets*. They have made Burgundy the perfect stop for food-conscious travelers. Lucky wayfarers they are, confronted with a large and baffling choice of gastronomic choices. I hope to help estimate them from this pleasant predicament by singling out four outstanding dining places whose owners I know well, and whose cooking, wines and service are beyond reproach. You might begin with:

HÔTEL DE LA GARE, Beaune (Côte-d'Or) This is an unexpected railway hotel in a little community whose most celebrated citizen was the Count de Buffon, the great naturalist. It resembles the stark Hôtel de la Gare in hundreds of small French towns, except for one thing: at midnight it is surrounded by the sleek cars of French

AMERICAN TRAVELER Samuel W. Lewis and his wife Billie, of Houston, are given a friendly welcome by the proprietor-chef, Marc Chevillet, as they arrive at Hôtel de la Gare in Beaune.



GUEST EQUIPMENT Samuel Chamberlain, while writing the column and when available, keeps his typewriter in a *Chambre de Touriste*, hotel in France for 10 days. Writer, architect and photographer as well as a writer, he has produced more than 100 award-winning feature books. An authority on European food and wine, he is the author of the handsome gastronomic guidebook, *Bouquet de France*, and of a travel companion and wine guidebook and *Wine, Italicum* (Harcourt).

gourmets who have motored miles out of their way to taste the cooking of Monsieur Belin, a truly great chef. For years this plump, pleasant man was one of the top chefs on the *Norvec* line, and he has brought all the skills of a real *coordonneur* to his kitchen in Burgundy. Madame Belin presides efficiently at the desk, and cheerful Burgundian maids bring in a succession of sturdy dishes, beginning with hot individual platters of snails, if you care for these, accompanied by a hardy red wine—a *Corton*, perhaps. After this you are confronted with a choice of *apérods*: a stuffed trout, tails of crayfish, a tender chicken cooked in wine, or the specialty of the house, magnificent *coq au vin*, a superlative ham-and-cream preparation. A green salad and a bit of cheese, and perhaps a soufflé, and your felicity is complete.

HÔTELS DE LA POSTE, Auxerre (Yonne) This is the most historic and attractive of the four hotels mentioned, and an ideal place for an overnight stop. Its ancient courtyard with vine-grown balconies is straight out of the picture books. Since 1887 this friendly hostelry has been caring for the traveler along the high road, but I suspect that he has never in previous years been accorded the Lucullian reception that guests get today. Your host is Monsieur René Huré, a gracious and discriminating expert in the art of wining and dining. His chef and *sommelier* are masters of their crafts. Among the exquisite dishes awaiting you are *quenelles de saumon*, a memorable way of substantiating lobster; duck with cherries; trout stuffed with crayfish; and a seductive chicken dish called *poireaux à l'Yonne*. Monsieur Huré's luxurious table ranks among the best 25 in France, and his cellar is

Château photograph by Robert Garmann

continued



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Hôtel de la Poste, Beaune (8846-076) Set in the heart of the Burgundy wine region, Beaune is a fascinating old fortified town boasting the most picturesque hospital-restaurant, the famed Hospices de Beaune. During vine-grown ramparts is the cheerful, well-appointed Hôtel de la Poste, for decades a favorite stopping place for enacting wine drinkers and motorists.

The younger generation is represented here in the person of Monsieur Marc Chevillat, a talented chef and host, who received his training in the kitchens of the late, great Fernand Point of the Hôtel de la Pyramide in Vienna. Monsieur Chevillat's grandfather founded this hotel, and he is meticulous in maintaining the culinary standards set so many years ago. Fine Burgundian dishes greet you here, among them snails, crayfish in cream, a terrine of truffled duck and a handsome chicken from La Bresse-cooked in Châubertin. The cellar is all you would expect in this wine-laden city.

Hôtel de la Côte d'Or, Beaune (8846-076)

The climax of this brief Burgundian expedition will be found in this hospitable small-town hotel set strategically on the Paris-Nice highway. This is the culinary stronghold of the man considered by epicures to be the top cook in France, Monsieur Alexandre Dumaire. A great deal of publicity has descended upon him, but it has left him unchanged. He remains absolutely devoted to his art. French cookery reaches the peak of its splendor in the kitchen of this kindly, twinkled-eyed man. To list his specialties would be futile. There is nothing in his menu, reason that he cannot achieve if he receives sufficient notice of his guests' desires. And it is perhaps enough to say that his wine cellar is worthy of his cooking.

If possible, telephone ahead for your table. Madame Dumaire, a charming little person who speaks beautiful English, will meet you at the door. With her as a guide in composing the menu and in ordering the wine, you are assured of a repast that will never, never be forgotten. I think you will agree that Alexandre Dumaire, le premier cuisinier de monde, is also France's best ambassador of good will.

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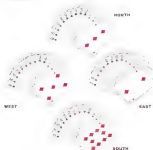
Bidding isn't the whole story

WITH since Italy's bridge juggernaut ground to its third world title, bridge circles have rocked with disputes about the virtues of "the Italian system."

It might be difficult to argue with success except for one glaring flaw in the major premise: there is no Italian system. Italy's team plays two different systems which are diametrically opposed in principle. Each uses an opening bid of one club artificially. But the Roman Club, used by Avarilli and Belladonna, is primarily designed to exchange distributional information, while the Neapolitan Club, employed by the others, deals exclusively with high-card strength. If the Italians themselves can't agree, then neither method would seem to be the royal road to success.

No pretense of infallibility has ever been made for our methods either. In the following hand from this World Championship match it is obvious that bidding skill is evaluated by what happens in the play.

South-West vulnerable
West dealer



WEST <i>Declarer</i>	NORTH <i>Defender</i>	EAST <i>Declarer</i>	SOUTH <i>Defender</i>
1♥	2♣	PASS	2♣
PASS	2♣	PASS	2♣
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Heart 9

In the other room, with Italy holding the North-South cards, Belladonna overcalled with two clubs but passed Avarilli's two-spade call—a decision that seemed justified when Avarilli made three-odd for a score of 140, counting the 50-point bonus for the part score.

Incidentally it should be observed that South's two-spade bid was well calculated, although his spade suit was none too strong. Lerner recognized it as a forward-going bid, and his raise to three spades, though rather enterprising, evoked our admiration.

Thus encouraged, Sam Fry properly carried on to game, but when the dummy was spread, it appeared that the United States pair had not made a sound investment. Even allowing for a winning diamond finesse, declarer faced the loss of a club trick and the possible loss of three tricks in trumps.

Because communication problems were acute, declarer immediately led the spade 8 from dummy in the vague hope that "something would happen." It should be mentioned here that Fry played extremely well during the championship matches, but with this gesture he abandoned the contract. East's 9 forced South's 10 and West's king. The jack and queen dropped under West's ace, but West's 8-spot was good for a third trump trick and the ace of clubs was the setting card.

I won't mind if you wish to charge to system-failure the lack of the spade jack, which would have provided a reasonable chance for the contract. Yet the fact is that the actual combination of cards, properly handled, affords a valid play for the contract. Declarer must hope to find West with A-J, K-J or A-K-x in spades.

After winning the opening lead with the queen of hearts, he should lead a low club. East wins with the 10 and returns a heart, won in dummy. Declarer ruffs a low club as the ace drops from West. Now a low spade is led toward dummy, and West wins with the king. No matter what he returns, the queen of spades will now crush the missing honors. And, since West has the king of diamonds, he cannot avoid putting declarer into his own hand to draw the last trump. South makes four-odd for a plus of 420 instead of a minus of 50.

EXTRA THICK

International match-point scoring used in world championship play exaggerates the value of small reings. Systems primarily designed for this form of competition are not nearly so effective in rubber bridge, where you can afford to bid a game on considerably less than a 50-50 chance—especially if you can play the cards for all they are worth.

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A black and white photograph showing a crowded boat deck. Numerous people are visible, some standing and others sitting. Large sails are partially visible, and the overall scene suggests a busy day on a sailing vessel. The text is overlaid on the upper right portion of the image.

A MASS OF MASTS

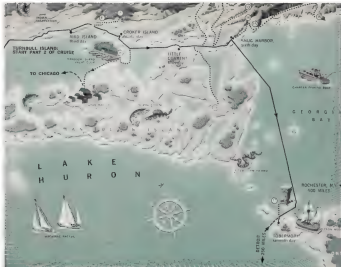
Jammed together at
the Port Huron pier,
Great Lakes racing fleet prepares for the dash to
Waukegan. For more on *Weekend*, turn the page

Photograph by Peter Knoll

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Smart Way
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SECOND PART of cruise, through Canada's North Channel, starts at Turbell Island (above) and proceeds to Aird Island (in/it, top center). Side trips are listed at right.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. OLD BAY | 10. HANNOVERING CLIFF | 14. OFFSHORE PORTAGE CORSE |
| 2. MURDER HARBOR | 11. WHITEFISH BAY | 15. KILLARNEY |
| 3. HARBOR ISLAND CLUB | 12. POT HOLE CANYON | 16. SILVERSTONE BAY |
| 4. BOGE BAY | 13. BAY INN | 17. FLORESBY ISLAND |

PART III: THE JOY OF CRUISING AN INLAND SEA

FISH, FUN AND FIORDS

by MORT LUND

Continuing last week's cruise from Mackinac Island to the great roaming grounds of North Channel, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* takes the postman through lovely Whalenback Channel, beautiful Crozier Island and then ventures to the wide, blue waters of Georgian Bay.

AIRD ISLAND: third day

Aird has well down in the Whalenback Channel and is possibly the most pleasant of the dozens of anchorages along the way. The course through the Whalenback starts just after Turbell and runs through mass after mass of bluffs of brown and sunset-purple rock, scrubbed smooth by the huge glaciers of the Ice Age. The rocks rise from the bright

blue water like the curving backs of seals, whales and behemoths. They stand in rings like seats around a swimming hole or crowd together to make fields of half-moon boulders, inviting cruising families to stop, spread out a picnic lunch and forget everything but the delight of soft breezes, the sound of lapping water and the warmth of the sun reflected from the surface of the stones. This is where

You slow your cruise to a walk, putter about a bit with your boat and pick your way artfully among the countless passages with the help of your Pathometer or lead line. Take the time to stop and put your dinghy over the side, and row along waterways too small for your cruiser, looking for places to fish and places to dive or just places to lie down and sunbathe.

As you move along the Whalenback you will come to the passage between Villiers and Unnamed Island. This slot takes you into Aird's West Anchorage. You can spot the

continued

anchorage by locating the fire beach 300 yards east of it. The beach slopes into the water so gently that powerboat men simply run the bow of their boat up on the shore (there are no big rocks to worry about). You will find a number of stray logs washed ashore here and there. They



are just the right size to make a raft for the youngsters. In the evening you can break up the raft and use the logs as seats for a cook-out party ashore.

After Aird you will want to nose about in the Whalesback cove more. This coast has more inviting coves and crannies than anything you will hit from here on. When you want to make your way out of the Whalesback you will run due east through the high walls of Little Detroit passage and then head for Croker Island—with side trips to Oak Bay and McBean Harbor if you have the time.

SIDE TRIP to Oak Bay

Oak Bay's depths are full of fish and its coast is thick with blueberries. Once anchored comfortably under the sheltering bluffs inside the bay, pile all available crew into the dinghy and put fishing rods in their hands; by now the ladder will need fresh fare and the bass in the bay are just the thing. Best afternoon trolling in around Coast Island. At sundown, the bass school in the weed bank at the edge of the northwest cove. A little bacon fried on the hook ought to bring in enough keepers to fill a serving dish with bass. You can get blueberries for dessert by calling on the Indians who live ashore on the reservation bordering the bay. They will come rowing by in families, carrying buckets of berries to market. A dollar will buy all one man can eat in a week. (Caution: do not invite the Indians aboard. Time, as we think of time, has no meaning to them. They camp on deck with no quains and no intention of leaving.) While the bass are being prepared for dinner, row down the channel leading west from the bay, slipping through

a curtain of bulrushes at the end of it and into the hidden cove with its quiet surface silver in the late evening light.

SIDE TRIP to McBean Harbor

In McBean Harbor you'll see your first vacation colony on the Canadian side—houses that are neat, spic-and-span, all set on the promontories of a trim little forest that runs into the base of McBean Mountain. To stretch your sea legs, climb the trail that leads up to the top of McBean and get a look at the Whalesback strung out like a rock garden below. You don't have to climb all the way up. Leave time to get out of the harbor and into Croker by dark. The Canadians in the cottages are not eager to have you anchor off their beaches and will be especially annoyed if you dump garbage in the harbor.

CROKER ISLAND: fourth day

Croker's inner harbor is a scene out of *Pearlman Island*—a lagoon with green trees and grasses piling down to the pink granite shore from the heights on every side. You can pull up to the granite on the south side and put the anchor ashore. You may just want to manufacture a permanent gangplank and stay here for the rest of your vacation: fishing is good, and bathing off the tiny beaches on the south side is perfect. (On sunny days the mica content of the sand glazes and glistens like 24-carat flakes where the bottom sits under the swimmer's feet.) Porcupine Island, right outside the harbor entrance, has a miniature cove on the west where the dinghy can be beached. Near the cove is the fattest blueberry patch in the channel. At the top of the island is a strange, shallow, craterlike depression filled with a delicate forest of fern.

A mile west from Porcupine are the two Benjamin islands, bridged by great pink slabs of rock, like giant steppingstones. Here you can go from rock to rock, swimming hole to swimming hole, diving and drying, until the afternoon has gone.

If you want to finish your vacation by just staying at Croker and the Benjamins, do so. There is no need to see all of North Channel in one summer. You can move down to Harbour Island Club for a few restaurant meals when supplies run low, and then provision for your return trip at Gore Bay to the west or Little Current to the east, depending on which

direction you take toward home.

SIDE TRIP to Harbour Island Club

Harbour Island Club is a come-one, come-all (provided you pay-the-dock-age) establishment run by active cruising man Harold Hutchings. He is usually on the dock to shake each arrival by the hand. Hutchings has put up solid piers, dredged his berthage and maintains a tender service for those who prefer to moor off. Moorage is \$1 a day, while dockage is \$7. Dockage entitles you to shower privileges, plus a daily morning newspaper with a special weather report attached. A day at Hutchings' place is a good break in the routine for any crew, even for dedicated under-the-stars-we-cruise types. Each night the club is a rendezvous for a sizable segment of the 240 cruising vessels likely to be in North Channel at any one time. Conversation at the club is about cruising and more cruising, drinks at the bar are reasonable, meals are generally excellent and there's bound to be a round of ship-to-ship sociability with hospitable exchange of highballs most any evening. Harbour Island Club is also where Chicago cruising men have to decide whether to go on to Little Current eastward or turn west and home again via Gore Bay.

SIDE TRIP to Gore Bay

The passage to Gore Bay runs beside a spectacular bluff rising to the east. Gore Bay is a sleepy country town with a main street all but deserted



during the heat of the day. It is the western part for Manitoulin Island (the largest fresh-water island in the world) and, contrary to appearances, has some diverting things to offer. For one, at the government liquor store you can pick up Scotch at a dollar less per bottle than you can in the States. For another you can lunch in the Marvel Tea Room and order their special chocolate milk shake. (It will remind you that we've forgotten how to make milk shakes in the

U.S.) Then at Ronale Gordon's on the east shore of the bay you can get excellent steak or chicken—call in advance and reserve a table. And you can try the fine inland fishing on Manitoulin. Arrange for a car at McQuorris Motors (\$10 a day), drive 10 miles to the boat docks at Ice Lake or six miles to Wolsey Lake and rent a boat and motor for \$4 a day. You won't have to spend much money on your boat: after an hour or so your arms will get tired hauling the pile aboard. If you'd rather fish for pickarel and jumbo perch, try Lake Mindego, 39 miles away. When you return in the evening, however, you will do better to go back aboard than stay around for the night life, unless you are interested in gaming in the local poolroom for 10¢ a throw.

LITTLE CURRENT: HIGH day

Little Current is Manitoulin Island's eastern port and the gateway to the eastern part of the cruising grounds. The town, biggest in North Channel (pop.: 1,500), has things other towns on the cruise do not have. It has Turner's Ltd., a complete department store, and the only really good grocery stores east of Detroit. And at the dock, which runs the length of the town, dockage and electricity are free to yachtsmen. Incidentally, when you come into the dock, cut your speed to a prudent crawl. Boats tied to the wharf are broadside to your wake, and there are any number of cruisersmen moored along the wharf, ready to point out your sin if you roll their yachts into the dock.

If you are planning to shop, remember to come in before the stores close. This happens at 3:30 Eastern Daylight Time. (The whole channel is on Eastern Daylight, while the states to the south are on Central Daylight, and this can cause a little confusion.) At Turner's Ltd., Great Turner or his son Barney is likely to be found in the store's showroom, helping to set a cruising man on the right course. There is hardly a cove in North Channel that hasn't been cruised by a Turner. The Turner line of clothes is made from English fabric, tailored in Canada. Their Hudson Bay blankets are \$28.75—or \$10 less than the state-side price.

While in Little Current, be sure to take a break from shipboard meals by having dinner at The Inn. The cooking is in the best back-country tradition. You should also note that

Manitowaning Club, 25 miles from Little Current, has a kitchen that makes the trip, by land or sea, a pilgrimage for gourmets.

Side trip to Manitowaning Club

To get to Manitowaning Club, you can take a taxi (\$10 round trip) from Little Current and be there in 35 minutes. Or you can cruise to the club dock (two hours). The club dining room overlooks a well-manicured



set of terraces and the southern end of Manitowaning Bay. The French dishes on the menu are choice. There's no drinking unless you bring your own bottle and hire one of the rooms for a party, but there is a swimming pool, croquet, shuffleboard and miniature golf. If you have cruised down, don't hurry dinner: the east entrance to Little Current will be well lighted for your return.

If you have time to spare, then take one or more of the side trips out of Little Current shown on the map. The first of these side trips is nine miles to Whitefish Bay, pleasant, populated and challenging waters; and the second is 21 miles to Pot Hole Portage, sparsely populated waters that are the greatest navigation test on the trip; and lastly there is the delightful 14-mile run up the Bay Finn.

Side trip to Whitefish Bay

Whitefish is at the head of Bay of Islands, and along the way there are, naturally, islands and islands and islands. There are so many that each turn in your course brings you to an entirely different arrangement of shore and water.

If you rent an outboard you can have the fun of running up the small boat channel between Cloche Peninsula and Cloche Island (bells from Beck's in Little Current are \$3 a day, and an outboard—Johnson—from MacGregor is \$5 a day). The channel runs under the bridge by Birch River Lodge and then a railroad bridge before you reach the Bay of Islands. Here the fine blue-black and white sides of the Cloche range to the north are visible over the islands and will guide you to the north shore and Whitefish Bay. You ought to make Whitefish by lunchtime, and if you need gas you can run up the Whitefish River to the bridge and get it at Stump and Spry's, as well as soft drinks to quench your thirst. Go back the easy, fast way: counterclockwise around Great Cloche Island to Little Current.

Side trip to Pot Hole Portage

Pot Hole Portage is at the northwest crook of McGregor Bay, and the course through McGregor is the stiffest test of navigation you will have on the trip. The course runs in through signs of pink, gray and red rock and a collection of inlets and channels without equal this side of the southern coast of Norway. At the end there is Pot Hole Portage, a small body of water almost completely locked in a ring of cliffs. A small mountain stream runs down its north wall into the basin to complete the picture-postcard look of the place.

You may want to stop at Okoschee Lodge on Fraser Bay and pick up a small boat, plus guide. However, if you have plenty of time and plenty of confidence in your own navigation, you can—with luck—make it in about three and a half hours. Halfway up, there is a narrow artificial cut with a strong current running through it—you may find that the best way to get through is to put a man ashore with a line to help steady your course and help the engine. Plan to reach Pot Hole Portage by lunch, spread a picnic on the rocks and let the children find the patholes—vertical boulders jugged down through solid rock by the mountain stream in bygone years. Upstream the little river widens and finally becomes a mountain lake, bounded by solid rock shores.

Side trip to Bay Finn

The trip to Bay Finn is strictly for the sport of running up a 19-mile baby fiord between 500-foot walls.

Continued

After the first glimpse at the mouth of the bay, as directed by the charts, you can run up the gorge in good water until right after you sight the first islands. Here the gorge narrows to 100 yards. A couple of miles beyond, the bay ends in a fine pool set under the peaks of several mountains. On the way back, stop in again at Ottercliffe Lodge. Your 25 discharge will entitle you to sit and drink on the patio and to a splendid view of Fraser Bay. On Wednesday noon there is a fish fry on the patio and Saturday nights there is steak over charcoal.

Once you have come this far, you will want to see Snug Harbor, Covered Portage Cove and Killarney to the east, so skip the parties at deckside, go to bed early and in the morning head for Snug Harbor.

SNUG HARBOR: sixth day

Snug Harbor is a regular oval bowl so tightly locked in its walls that from the inside it is like floating on your own lake in the Sierra. The sloping walls are solid with pines that stand skyward like a green army at



attention on the tiers of some coliseum. You can throw out your anchor anywhere in the circle of water and let the boat swing where it will. The water is all good. To the west, 60 yards inland, is a wooded lake, a swim and fragrance swimming pool just waiting for customers. Let Snug Harbor be your place of rest and respite after the rigors of club and town life.

SIDE TRIP 16: Coastal fishing

Covered Portage, six miles from Snug, is another picture harbor. It is set in photogenic green-gray bluffs that tower over the anchorage. Boats can anchor right up to the north shore of the cove, while muskies had best anchor toward the middle. If you have energetic progeny on your hands, take them for a climb up the highest bluff—the wall west of the anchorage. Row the dinghy ashore at the foot of the bluff and then keep moving to the right

until the terrain affords good footing. It's a half-hour climb up, but from the top you get a chance to view (and photograph) your boat 400 feet below, floating like a chip way down below in a huge blue basin.

SIDE TRIP 16: Killarney

The village of Killarney, 2½ miles from Covered Portage Cove, is a perfectly preserved fishing settlement from the last century. There is no road from the outside, and the villagers are as calm, unhurried and mellow as the inhabitants of their namesake town in Ireland. Killarney sits on a blue slot of water that runs through red rock walls from North Channel out to the Georgian Bay. As you come down the slot stop in the decks of the Sportman's Inn to part, or if Sportman's is full sit up at the George docks, leaving room for a good-size fishing boat astern of you. The Co-op has diesel, and Jackson's dock beyond has gas. If you need repair before going on, look up Peter and Reggie Lee, who take care of engines and hulls respectively. (The Lee dock out of town hauls boats 15 feet or under, and they can have parts flown in from Toronto in 24 hours.) While you provision, let the kids swim off Sportman's dock (the whole slot is one deep swimming hole,

Take dinner at Sportman's. It has the best food in the village, and the manager-owner is Bob Laughter (pronounced Lawter), who tends his Dayton tool and die business during the week and spends weekends fishing and boating in Georgian Bay. As Laughter will tell you, fishing is good around Killarney any time. He has guides at Sportman's for \$20 a day with outboard, \$40 with inboard. The best fishing around Killarney is at Beaverstone Bay to the east, first of the big bays on the Georgian and one of the few that is charted. Most of the harbors from Beaverstone on down the coast are uncharted, even by the volunteers of the Great Lakes Cruising Club. Running these harbors is risky business for anyone but the old pros among cruising men.

SIDE TRIP 16: Beaverstone Bay

Collins Inlet—a three-mile canyon that is a lot more fun to cruise than it looks on the charts—leads into Beaverstone. The run through Collins is like a miniature Grand Canyon trip. Where Collins opens into Beaverstone, you'll find yourself in a mosaic of rock and water that stretches south like a flooded boulder field. Look for the weedy bottom in the larger pools. Where the weeds appear is where the fish are. Cut your

HIDDEN IN DEEDED COVE, YACHT RESTS AT ANCHOR IN NORTH CHANNEL



engine and drift. On the average, it takes only a few casts to bring a five-pound pike lunging out of his hiding place. He'll gobble the spoon and come pouring out of the water again and again, shaking his head in red anger, and go jackknifing down into the water again to fight you from the weeds. When you have your catch, tie up to a flat rock and unpack lunch. Then, if the wind is light, work your way back toward Killarney along the inside course, next to the coast. You'll get lost in the jigsaw puzzle of rock and water, but when you do you can head out to spin water and go back along the outside course. If, however, the wind is blowing, then go back to Killarney via Collins Inlet again—a big wind and a small boat are a bad combination on the wide-open stretches of the Georgian.

Killarney and Heavystone are usually the end points to the cruises of even the most far-ranging Chicago yachtsman. From here he retraces his course west through the North Channel and down to Mackinac again. The Detroiters, however, go home via Tobermory, directly south of Killarney and 60 miles nearer home. Wise Detroiters will fill up with water at Killarney, since Tobermory water is notorious for its ill effects on the digestive system of newcomers.

TOBERMORY: seventh day

The course to Tobermory is right down the west side of the Georgian, wide open to the weather. On the way there are harbors of refuge at Fitzwilliam and Club Island. (Note: these islands are prime rattlesnake country, but the snakes are usually as anxious to avoid people as vice versa. It takes rare bad luck to run afoul of one. However, for your own peace of mind, carry a good snakebite kit aboard. Take it ashore when you go, walk noisily and carry a big stick.)

When Tobermory heaves into sight gaze up the docks at Big Tub Harbor (it's way out of town) and go on into Little Tub at the heart of the village. First dock for cruisers at Little Tub is Stansbury's which has diesel, gas and ice. (Ferry View Motel provides free ice if you rent a room.) There are gas pumps and grocery stores at the town dock at the end of the harbor, and if you should need engine repair, Danny Wyonach

of Tobermory garage is your man.

When you have provisioned, take the time to walk up behind the Handcraft Store to Orrie Vall's fishing tackle shop. The fishing tackle is handmade and handsome. But beyond this, Orrie Vall has a small museum room off to one side of the shop. In this room are the weathered gray keelson and various other parts of a ship Orrie claims is the *Griffo*, the vessel built by La Salle in 1679 to carry on fur trade. The *Griffo* was the first vessel to sail on the Great Lakes. Orrie, a most entertaining man, has innumerable proofs that this vessel (whose remains he discovered) is the *Griffo*. The claim



put forth by certain Manitoulin Islanders that a wreck discovered by them in Missisquoi Strait is the *Griffo* was to be largely discounted, according to Orrie.

If on the morning after your arrival at Tobermory you have a day to spend before heading south or east, lay a course for Flowerpot Island, three miles away, for a look at the famous natural rock towers along its shore.

Good bear on Flowerpot Island

Flowerpot, like Fitzwilliam, is rattlesnake country, but, again, chances are you won't see one unless you stalk it. Flowerpot is real tourist territory, a la Yellowstone, with campsites and small natural caves for visitors to explore and of course the 20- to 30-foot-high flowerpot-shaped towers, standing like sentinels along the east shore, left there after all the rock around them had been eroded away by the action of the waves.

Flowerpot is the traditional last visit on North Channel cruises. From here, south, east or west lie the cities. As the skipper heads away from Flowerpot and back to the cities, he knows that next summer—or if not then, the summer after—he will have to head north again, north to joyous cruising in the island-studded waters of the loveliest inland sea he has ever known.

BBO



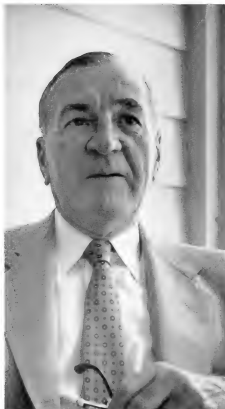
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VERDICT AGAINST THE



His standards are too low, says this noted oldtimer, and here are his ideas for a remedy

ON June 12, the National Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y. will begin its third official decade as the heart shrine of the national pastime, the treasure house in which Americans store their memories of the truly great deeds and the truly great men who performed them.

At least that is what we would like to think.

Actually, there are many in baseball, former players and fans alike, who think that the Hall has lost some of its meaning and much of its glory in recent years. I've been told time and again: "Joe, you know as well as I do—the Hall's getting to be a joke."

The basic complaint is that someone kicked the back door loose, letting in some less deserving players, while the front door has remained stoutly closed in the faces of others who are truly meritorious.

I had just turned 20 when I broke into the big league, and I was a few days shy of 40 when I turned in my uniform; I learned a few things in between. One is that popping off for the sake of popping off, without having something constructive to offer, hurts the game more than helps it.

When I say, then, that the Hall of Fame is losing its luster, I also say that something can be done about it.

The Hall was conceived as a place for giants, and it started that way—Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson, Babe Ruth and Honus Wagner were the first players selected, in 1938. Other men of unquestioned stature followed: Nap Lajoie, John McGraw, Tris Speaker, Cy Young and others. Certainly

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITIC. Joe Judge, now 65, spent 21 years in the majors, all five in Washington, D.C., where he played

HALL OF FAME

by JOE JUDGE

no one could quarrel with the selection of Lou Gehrig, Eddie Collins, Glavie Cleveland Alexander and George Sisler.

As the years went on, however, there were some conspicuous omissions from Cooperstown, and some surprising inclusions.

In the winter of 1899 I bumped into Will Harridge, then president of the American League. I asked him: "Mr. Harridge, why don't they put Harry Heilmann in the Hall while he's still alive and it means something to him? You know and I know and everybody else knows—he belongs."

Mr. Harridge replied, "Joe, I don't know what they're doing."

The following July, Harry died. The next year someone woke up to

the fact that he was one of the great ones, with a lifetime batting average of .343, and they voted him in. That's when I became a little critical of the process that sometimes seems to be based more on scrapbooks than records books.

I've come to the conclusion that the oldtimers aren't getting a fair shake. It's my opinion that the Hall should be reserved strictly for the best, for the ultra-ultra, if there is such a word. But it's failed to live up to that goal.

I think what has happened is this:

While modern players are selected by newspaper writers with 10 or more years' experience, the oldtimers, men out of the game for 25 years, are voted on by a committee. I have no doubt in the world that the commit-

tee members approach their job with a real sense of integrity and an honest desire for fairness. But look at what they are up against. Mr. Taylor Spink, for example, the publisher of *The Sporting News* for many years, a committee member and a real authority on baseball, might have gone to the ball park every single day of the season in the old days. If he did he would have seen a man like Sam Rice play 11 times a season. In a 28-year career like Sam's that amounts to some 280 games out of the better than 2,404 he played.

The men with wide, firsthand knowledge who were around in my time, newspaper writers like Sid Mercer and Bill Slougan and Paul Shannon and Bert Whitman, aren't

continued



BASEBALL'S HALL OF FAME IN COOPERSTOWN, N.Y. THIS YEAR CELEBRATED THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS DEDICATION



FIVE MEN WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT: Left (clockwise from top), 1914-1915 Tinker-Evers-Rice, 284-game winner; Outlander-Peter Rose, 1962's surprise teammate, who hit .322 in 50 years; almost

reached 4,000 hits; 1969's great Catcher, 4,000-hit great; 211-game winner; Fisher-Hal Fisher, White Sox's 253-game winner; Brooklyn's famous Ruthless Gimmie, who won 251.

HALL OF FAME continued

around any more. When Mr. Spink and his fellow committee members sit down to pick an oldtimer, then, they have to go to the record books.

That's where the trouble comes in.

The records are the dry bones of a player's career—but they are the bones, the solid facts of accomplishment. His flesh, his personality, is preserved in the newspaper clippings of his day. If there are lots of clippings the personality may get more consideration than the player. "Color" gets to mean as much, and more, than ability, and the honest measurement of merit becomes a popularity contest. There is no other way to explain it.

Take the selection, in 1946, of the double-play combination of Joe Tinker, Johnny Evers and Frank Chance. An literary figures they are practically immortal, thanks to a memorable eight-line poem about them with the famous refrain: "Tinker to Evers to Chance."

Ballads, however, are not base hits. Tinker's lifetime average was .284. Evers hit .274. Chance's contribution to the game as a manager is unquestioned; he won four pennants with the old Chicago Cubs and two World Series.

As for making the double play, I don't know of a single person who has seen all the great ones who would call Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance the greatest combination. Yet the Hall

of Fame should be for the greatest. I personally don't think averages of .264 and .270 qualify.

Then there are players like Ray Schalk and Rabbit Maranville, who went into the Hall in 1933 and 1934 respectively. Schalk was a fine catcher, but I question whether a lifetime average of .253 belongs next to men like Ruth and Cobb and Holman. And Maranville, he was a first-rate shortstop, and he had that quality of color that is apparently so important an intangible. He also never hit .300 or better in any full season he played.

The role of sentiment and color is central to the problem besetting the Hall selections. In a popularity contest, a colorful player will draw more votes—like a colorful politician—than an able player who lacks that quality. The result is injustice.

Take Sam Rice, whom I mentioned earlier. Sam hit .302 in 20 seasons. In his lifetime he made 3,997 hits, just short of the magic 3,000. In all that time he was a superb outfielder and as good a base runner as any. He was graceful and fast and alert, a solid ballplayer. But there aren't any colorful stories about Sam. He never dropped paper bags full of water out of hotel windows. He never figured in a popular poem.

But he never caught a ball with his hands cupped at his belt, either. All he was, was all ballplayer.

Let reader write on page 74

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joseph Louis-Lodge, Brooklyn-born in 1904, Manhattan-raised, spent most of his life in Washington, D.C., where he played first base for the Senators from 1919 through 1932. In 17 seasons with the Senators he batted over .300 nine times, retired from the game in 1934 (after a brief stint with the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Boston Red Sox), with a lifetime average of .297. He led or tied the American League in fielding seven times, held, until 1953, the league record for assists by a first baseman: 1,264. He hit safely 2,334 times, stole 212 bases and enjoyed the most profitable "bag" ever given a ballplayer in his time: \$19,800 from the fans who paid admission to do him honor on June 23, 1934.



HALL OF FAME IN SCOUTING REPORTS

Just how do the real oddities stack up in modern statistics? What was Babe Wilks-Kosler's lifetime average, and how close he compares with Joe DiMaggio's? The Chrony Manifesto, with Doug Dean's theory, for the first time, are all in the Hall of Fame manuscripts, presented in modern

Scouting Report form. The reader can run his eye along this gallery and see for himself how Joe Judge's four criteria for selection might be applied. A unique contribution to baseball's encyclopedic history, this record was compiled by Scouts International's own Les Wanderski.



ALVIN KARPIS
Alvin Karpis was a famous gangster who was active in the 1930s. He was known for his leadership in the Karpis gang, which was one of the most powerful criminal organizations in the United States at the time.



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TEDDY DEAN
P. Was 121 in 4 years. Had 100 hits and 100 runs.
There with 10 runs per hit. Strongest arm had with his left.



ED LOHMEYER
Left-handed pitcher. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A hardy hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



BILL HINES
C. Was 100 in 4 years. Had 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A hardy hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



JACK DEWITT
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



EDITH SMITH
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



JIMMY DEAN
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



DICK EVANS
P. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



JIMMIE FINK
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



FRANKIE FINK
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



ED SMITH
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



CHARLES LOHMEYER
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



HANK LOHMEYER
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



FRANK GRIFFITH
P. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



LEFTY DWYER
P. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



GARRY HARBITT
P. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



HARRY LOHMEYER
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



ROGERS LOHMEYER
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



EARL H. BELL
P. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



EDITH JENNINGS
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



BEN JOHNSON
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



WILLIE JOHNSON
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



WILLIE JOHNSON
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



MIKE KELLY
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



BILL KELLY
OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
A good hitter with a good arm. Strongest arm had with his right.



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OF. 100 hits, 100 runs, 100 RBIs.
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It's true that there are 22 Hall of Famers who exhibit Arm. It's also true there are 29 who didn't.

Or take a fellow like Stan Coveleski, a great pitcher. He won 214 games, had five 20-games-or-better seasons, never won less than 17 in an 11-year span—and never got into the Hall of Fame. Stan accomplished what many great pitchers have tried and failed to do—he won three games in the 1920 World Series. Many fans, a colorful player if one ever lived, won only 120 games in a career cut short by an injured arm. And Dazg was admitted to the Hall in 1953.

The point is this—Dean was great when he was sound, and he would have made a great record if he had been luckier. But he is in the Hall, a 150-game winner and Coveleski isn't—nor is Red Pater, who won 231, nor Eppa Rixey, who won 295, nor Hughie Griffith, who won 278.

Under that type of judging, the mighty Casey, if he had ever lived, would almost certainly be in the Hall of Fame, even though he might have hit .210 for much of it.

What's the answer?

I have two suggestions, one general and one specific.

The general one is this: Let's take another and closer look at the criteria we use to measure the greatness of a ballplayer and ask ourselves frankly whether or not personality and press

agency don't sometimes weigh more than they should in our evaluations.

I would suggest four basic criteria: First, an extraordinarily high level of competence. While it is not possible to set mathematical standards—that would be an error in the opposite direction from the one being made now, and too strict was laid as too loose—I would seriously question whether a lifetime batting average of under .300 is deserving of Hall of Fame consideration.

Second, consistency over a reasonable length of time. Consistency is a fundamental value in a champion, and I think it should be displayed over a real test of ground, to borrow a phrase from another sport. A great player is one who has lasted, year in and year out, at the same high level of performance.

Third, value to team. This goes close to the heart of the matter. My definition of a great ballplayer is this: he can win a game for you with a base hit; he can win a game for you with a stolen base; he can win a game for you with a feinting play. I've known some sluggers with impressive home run records, but take that hat off their shoulders and they were menaces to the team. Nobody like that belongs in the Hall of Fame.

Fourth and last: contribution to the game. This is that intangible area where color is often mistaken for value. To be a credit to the game of base-

continued



IN 1950 Sam Crawford, who he now at close of his career, Joe Judge poses for a group picture with Joe Jr., pitching and daughter Dorothy hiding behind the mask.

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On June 15, watch the U. S. Open Golf Championship on NBC-TV, brought to you by Eastman Kodel.

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ball, a man need not have got off a record number of winetracks or assembled a record number of feature stories. There are a lot of colorful possibilities.

There are, in fact, four basic criteria. But there is another polar beyond them: the serious question of the validity of these criteria in judging.

The way the game is played today, a man has to be a specialist. He seldom has the chance to be anything else—even if his specialty is drawing walks. How do you judge, for example, a player who consistently has better than 2000 against only left-handed pitching? Can we accept Hall of Fame plaques in the future to read: "He was the best man on his planet?"

Today's demand on specialization narrows the definition of greatness. I don't think that the great specialists of today can measure up to the great all-around players of yesterday.

Here's what I mean. In my day, by the time the infield was finished getting tobacco juice and two fire and rubbing the ball down with rosin, especially on a dark afternoon, that ball would come at you looking like a lump of coal. A great hitter would lay the wood on it regardless of the side it was thrown from or the stuff on it.

That same man could stand the same that made the difference. He was fast enough so that the hit-and-run and bunt-and-run were always possible. And when he got back to his position he would come up with the great catch, the great save, the great throw that meant winning instead of losing.

Today many of the so-called sluggers couldn't stand a base if they were alone in the ball park. They are not expected to throw, run well or run fast as long as they can belt slush off out of the park when their one moment of usefulness arrives.

The idea of being a team member sometimes is lost completely, and what we have is an association of specialized businessmen investing their specific talents and carefully watching their own special interests, apart from which they hope to declare a dividend the following year.

What kind of Hall of Fame criteria can be created to separate the

—Tom Seaver

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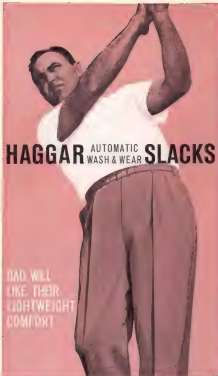
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The lightest, best-fitting, most practical slacks you can give Dad! 55% Dacron — 45% Rayon. Completely machine-washable . . . machine or drip-dryable! Need little if any pressing! Doug Ford, pro golfer, is shown in Haggar's trim, half-belt "Sarasota" Model. \$8.95.

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HALL OF FAME continued

great from the great-in-one-aspect. I personally do not know. But I said I had two suggestions to make. I come now to the second, the specific one:

Last year the Hall reached an impasse when no single player came close to being voted in, although there are plenty—men like Sunny Jim Montomey and Kiki Cuyler and Travis Jackson and Wally Shang—who should be given serious consideration. Max Carey came the closest, with 138 votes, to the 199 that are needed. At the same time, the oldtimers drew a blank. Ford Frick made an interesting response to that situation. "I am rather pleased," he said. "The Hall of Fame is pretty full and this will add a little more prestige to those who already have been elected."

I don't think that Mr. Frick meant to imply that "a little more prestige" was sorely needed by the Hall of Fame—but the thought is there nonetheless.

My proposal to guarantee prestige in the future is to set up what would amount to a watchdog committee over the Hall by the men who are already in it. That can be accomplished by the simple matter of giving them a vote.

There are 39 members of the Hall of Fame still alive. Some, like Joe M. Maggio, Joe Cronin and Hank Greenberg, can't go back quite as far as would be ideal, but those 39 men as a whole have more firsthand experience and knowledge of their former fellow players than anyone else. Some people have expressed the fear that sentiment might sway their judgment even more greatly than it does under the present arrangement. I don't think so. I believe that nobody could guard the greatness of the Hall of Fame more carefully than the men who themselves have been elected to it.

I don't think that the present committee should be disbanded but expanded to include living Hall of Famers, men with firsthand knowledge. More direct participation by those men would eliminate some of the abuses that now occur.

The 30th anniversary of the Hall this June 12 should be a new beginning. Election to it should be the greatest honor possible to the greatest players of all. Let's make sure that is what it really is.

END



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For centuries, men have jostled, but never jostled about the merits of Plymouth Gin versus London Gin.

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COMPUMATIC
WON'T LET
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The Bolex Compumatic is the world's only 16mm movie camera that measures light through the lens at the exact angle the lens covers. This means perfect exposures for whatever

lens is in shooting position. Only the Compumatic can do it.

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Incorporating an exclusive variable shutter for Index, the new 3-lens Compumatic is Hollywood-equipped with every extra for professional effects! 7 different speeds . . . zoom viewfinder for previewing scenes with different lenses . . . settings for single frame shots of remote control running . . . every feature you'll want for 16mm slide, 16mm 100 time you want to see them.

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

SPORTS AND THE STATUS SEEKERS

I refer to full the previous of Yankee Richard stated under the heading, "My Status and No Plug . . .", 34, May 28.

In no phase of human behavior is Richard's status seeker so vividly marked or rewarded as in the sports picture of our day and age.

One of our racial minorities, the Negro, is currently committed to a national drive to use sports as a powerful lever in its attempt to improve status for its people.

Each year thousands of students are provided with this commitment because their athletic abilities are recognized, and their future workday status enhanced by college and sports scholarships.

The club squash champ is more likely to be a somebody than a member who is merely an architect. A good golfer invariably makes a desirable neighbor.

In so far as sports writers and their status are concerned, I can only refer Arthur Rackham to my newspaper (the paper in the U.S., where the sports writers and columnists are better known personalities on the paper than is the political pundit usually better paid, too).

The names of Canadian Rowan Hamilton Ranney come far more easily to the memories of people of top class level than do the names of scholars with whom Vance Packard must fraternize as class associates.

A Mickey Mouse can easily pretend to ignore Mr. Packard, but can Mr. Packard afford to ignore the Mickey Mouse?

THOMAS HANCOCK

Los Angeles

DEFENSE, HARRY SPENCE

Ris:

It is indeed with great pleasure that I write to congratulate you on the fine article, "Honor in the Name of Honor," Warren Wind (31, May 21 & 28). It's the closest I can get to "Mansuetudo Hippocratica" (the Latin Mr. Wind's great last line), (31) as a significant note in American sports writing.

As a former member of your magazine and a guest card holder in the Happy Kaul Country Club, I would have it an honor to have this, my application for membership in the Otter Lake Country Club, presented to you as a contribution of your staff's opportunity.

Certainly would like to join Harry Spence and other protégés of the club, his promotion to a local club is a highly recommended.

C. KEVIN CHAMBERLAIN

Hamden, Conn.

Sir:

As a golfer and, above all, a regular reader of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED I congratulate you on your Mr. Felix by Herbert Warren Wind. Well-written, humorous

and with more than a dab of Damon Runyonisms.

JOHN M. BAKER

Levenville

BEATING CAT REBUTTAL

Ris:

The almighty Maysland Meyer missed the boat in making a comeback to why the greatest basketball club in the history of basketball magazine's 1948 One of a Kind Regatta. (30th Boston, April 25)

Two super boats the real message of the regatta, Mr. Meyer should have the reported-time rankings and study boat-to-boat performance in relation to some of the best. For up to now, the regatta has generally been faster than little boats, and regattas have been faster still.

But in this regatta the top speed of the 17-foot Tiger Cat was noticeably faster than the top speed of even the 20-foot A Score. (Tiger Cat gained an all score on 17 races) and runs.

The second fastest in the 17-foot Tiger Cat was the 20-foot A Score, more than third in the weather mark in four of the five races, also in the 20-foot A Score, the 22-foot Star, the 22-foot Power, the 20-foot C Score, the 20-foot Highlander.

In boat-to-boat comparison, with the second fastest, the 17-foot Tiger Cat finished all five races ahead of the 20-foot C Score by the following margins: 2:48, 10:08, 19:45, 17:41, and 10:04.

In boat-to-boat comparison with the 20-foot A Score (and not counting the races in which the 20-foot A Score was the 17-foot Tiger Cat's fastest opponent) the Tiger Cat's total elapsed time, by a margin of 4:45.

Let's remember that the two fastest boats in the 20-foot A Score, the 17-foot Tiger Cat finished slower and slower the harder it blew, until in the fourth race the Tiger Cat finished with 20-second margin than the 20-foot A Score.

The real message of this regatta, One of a Kind Regatta is that the great catamaran, which has been the subject of so many articles and comments, is not a "cat" but a boat of any size on the water and race!

JOHN M. BAKER

Darien, Conn.

Sir:

When I read your account of the One of a Kind race in the March 8 issue I was more excited than I have been in a long time. I immediately wrote to the magazine features of the winning run and, as the result of getting in early, I have the first of the new cats in this vicinity. This is a Shorewater—the only one immediately available. I would probably have preferred a Tiger Cat if I could have had it right away. The reason for my haste is that at my age time goes so quickly.

I have been sailing small catamarans

for many years.



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19TH HOLE continued

boats for more than 80 years. My first was a small scow which my father built for me when I was 10 years old, and for the last 12 years I have been racing a *Thistle* at the Camanachogue Yacht Club, where we have a fleet of 14 of them. In between were a dozen boats of various kinds, including two scows, a 14-foot dinghy and some one-designers.

My point of view, as you will see, is quite different from Mr. Meyer's! You hit the ball squarely on the head in your forehand.

CHARLES A. HANCOCK

Bar Harbor

NATIONAL FORECAST

Sign:

In the spring of 1959 the Yankees played an exhibition game in Charlotte. This picture of Curry Stengel was taken



FRANKLIN FORECAST

at his hotel the night before the game, as he talked to a reporter.

With an eye on the background, it would seem to have considerable pertinence this year.

CHARLES E. MILES

Charlotte, N.C.

THE OLD HERO

Sign:

I fly a party down to the Kentucky Derby every year, and while in Lexington I look over friends out to see the Man o' War statue.

As you can see from the picture I had taken, Man o' War is wearing (there is no mistaking the traits) What has happened to this, as I understand it: the farm to the Derby course sold off the farm and gave the little plot of Man o' War to the county.

Since then it has deteriorated very rapidly, overrun with weeds, no path to the shrine, no water in the main around him put there to discourage people from surviving inside. Originally there was a tree for each year of Man o' War's life planted around the statue. Several of these are dead, and it is all a sorry sight. During Derby week there were thousands of visitors, and no wonder the poor gallant old boy is weeping—he's completely forgotten by his local friends who at one time were so proud of him.

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Here's hoping you can strike a blow for our old hero.

C. C. Moseley

Jackson Hole, Wyo.

• The blow has been struck. The will of Man o' War's owner, the late Samuel D. Riddle of Faraway Farm, Lexington, authorized its exhumation to



WEARING MAN O' WAR

convey the statue and its surrounding land to a suitable organization for its preservation. After much legal maneuvering, Fayette County and the Lexington Chamber of Commerce have taken charge of the statue and grounds "in perpetuity as a memorial, open to the public without charge." Everything still looked pretty sad last Derby Day, but now the county is putting in a road and parking space for the estimated 100,000 visitors a year, and the chamber of commerce is landscaping the grounds handsomely.

The statue is the work of famed Animal Sculptor Harbert Hartsline, who also used Big Red as George Washington's charger at the National (Episcopal) Cathedral in Washington, D.C. (ENR, Nov. 3). A green stain does indeed trickle from each eye socket, but this is part of the natural aging of bronze and will not be tampered with. War Relic and War Admiral, two of Man o' War's best sons (still at stud at Hansburg Place) will eventually be buried inside the mound behind the statue. And Horseman E. Barry Ryan has changed his mind so that the statue and grave of Fair Play, Man o' War's sire, which are now on Ryan's nearby Normandy Farm, will be moved to the Man o' War memorial together with the remains of Mahubah, Man o' War's dam. Taken all together, it will make a Valhalla of equine heroes.—ED.



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Saviour To The Matadors

The author (right) owes his life to the skill of Spain's great Giménez Guinea, M.D.

by BARNABY CONRAD



"TORERO" AND WRITER BARNABY CONRAD

A YEAR AGO I had eight inches of needle-sharp horns slammed like a blow from a pickax into my inner left thigh. My first thought when I saw the blood pumping out fast and flooding my pants was neither one of terror or pain. It was relief.

"Thank God," I thought, "it happened where it's only an hour away!"

It was a damn fool thing to do in the first place, getting myself hung up like that. I'd gone out with five other Americans to the ranch of Pedro Gardázar for lunch and a pleasant day. Pedro's *posesiciones* 24 kilometers out of Madrid, near El Escorial. He raises fighting bulls, and when he invited us out he said: "We'll throw a few animals into the ring and have some fun before lunch."

It was *suave* usually, and I replied "fine" usually, but there really is never anything casual where fighting boxiness of any age or sex is concerned. You risk your neck every day you stride into an arena. For the last 10 years I've fought very rarely and under the safest conditions, abating myself hurriedly whenever there was a risk of getting what the toreros call a high colic from a horn.

As we drove up the dirt driveway we saw that everyone was already down at the little bull ring. It was a dawning whitewashed white against the green fields, and there were about 30 guests in the stands chatting and drinking manzanilla. We parked and climbed up the steps.

There was a picador on a padded

horse in the ring. This was to be a *clonzo*, where the young cows are tested for bravery. It is an important phase of bull raising, because while a bull might get his size from his father, they say his fighting heart comes from mama.

"Just in time!" Pedro called up to us. Then he motioned to the man on the wall and said, "All right, turn in the big one."

The man pulled the rope that went down to the latch on the door, and the gate changed open. Into the ring dashed a 2½-year-old heifer, sleek and greenish black and surrounded by a haze of dust.

People unfamiliar with fighting stock have a hard time telling a young fighting bull from a fighting cow; fighting cows have long, sharp horns, virtually no udder and a conformation totally unlike that of a dairy cow. Besides that they are crazy, speedy and can turn like a revolving door.

This cow of Gardázar's charged the picador hard, nearly spilling the horse as the man shot the small point of the lance into her withers. If she took the pic several times bravely and willingly she would be marked for breeding—if not, the abattoir. This one's back legs were driving her into the padded side of the horse, and she kept hooking into the mattress hard. The cow had probably been caped many times before and tended to head for a man's body instead of going at the

(continued)

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SAVOUR TO MATADORS *continued*

rage. Usually at affairs like this one inch or two of horn is sawed off. But for some reason they left the murderous horns intact on this cow.

I went down the steps and was let into the arena. I was handed the small muleta, and I noticed my hands were trembling as I took it. I draped it over the wooden sword and stepped out from behind the baristas. The cow was about 30 feet away, looking lethal and a lot bigger than she had from the stands. She pawed, wagging her wicked horns.

I planted my feet, arched my back and shook the muleta. The wise cow dropped her head and lunged forward. She covered the 30 feet faster than a race horse, her neck stretched out to kill.

I didn't step back and the animal hurtled past me. Its rear horn sliced by only a couple of inches away from my leg, and I heard a sharp "sm!" from the spectators. I should have quit when I was ahead, because after that first pass everything was downhill. I suppose I gave it 10 more passes, but I was lousy and the cow was leary. The cow crowded, hooked, swerved and was generally unresponsive. On the last pass she slithered straight into me and knocked me into the air. Remotely, vaguely, I was aware that the horn scored my left leg, but I was too busy trying to get away from the animal to worry about how deep it might have gone. Unfortunately, I can't tell you how it feels to be gored, because I honestly did not feel the horn, so very sharp was it and so quickly did it happen.

After someone lured the animal away I lurched over to the fence, diagnosed with the cow and myself. And then I felt something wet on my left leg. There was a growing dark stain on the upper inside of the pants, and when I looked down I saw that I had one black boot and one shiny red one. I felt a sickening jolt in my stomach, the way you feel when you're all prepared to have an elevator go up and it suddenly goes down.

Pale and wobbly, they led me out behind the ring. The foreman quickly tied a length of rubber tube high up on the leg, and the bleeding—through a hole about the size of a 50¢ piece—stopped. Then we drove off fast to the nearby town of El Encarnal. After 45 minutes we located a doctor, a toothless, colorful old devil. He examined the wound super-

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DRESSING LEO, Don Luis Gomez, *Cristian Sports Illustrated's* Bashill watcher.

finally and whistled silently but said, "It's no comedia, just a punkito, a little puncture."

The bleeding had stopped and the leg really didn't hurt much, and I began to relax, but Salmato, the matador who then was enjoying a great season, looked worried. "There's only one person who knows—to see Gómez Guinea, and quick."

It was fitting that this advice, which probably saved my life, came from a matador, for if the Virgin of the Macarena is the patron saint of toreros, Luis Gómez Guinea is their saviour. The bullfighter's most fervent prayer is, "If I'm to get it, let Gómez Guinea be near by."

We drove back to Madrid in a hurry. They put me in a big draft room which smelled like all the hospital rooms of the world. The orderly took off my pants and cleaned up the leg while we waited for the doctor to come from his house. The wound didn't look so ugly now, and I began to feel pretty silly about dragging Gómez Guinea to the hospital to look at me. After all, he is unqualifiedly the greatest horn-wound specialist in the world, handling over 100 goring a season. The door banged open and Gómez Guinea stalked in, followed by an assistant wheeling in a tray of instruments.

He is an awesome sight. Tall and broad, he looks like a cross between a scowling Douglas MacArthur and a Sioux chieftain. He has a hawklike crag of a nose, patent-leather ungrayed hair, and at the age of 58 he looks hardly 50.

continued

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When I came to I heard him saying a million miles away, "I should be operating on him right now—but I have to go to the bull ring. Get him ready, tetanus antitoxin, penicillin." Then to me, "When did you last eat?"

I told him gruggly and he nodded. "You'll be all right—I won't be back for three hours and that will make six hours since your last meal. We will operate then."

Then he was gone. I still don't know whether I fainted because he hit bottom with his ratpick or because he himself seemed so alarmed. He had treated some 2,500 bullfight goring and had watched the legendary Manolete's life come away from a wound that appeared to me to be in the same place as mine and not much deeper.

A great depression settled over me as I waited hour after hour. The pain was building up, and I wanted to get on with the show. I had visions of four or five toreros being gored, and, since Gómez Guinea is the plaza's official doctor, they would come first.

Finally he burst into the room, twenty and tense, and I was wheeled into the operating room with a smile of relief on my face. "Once Gómez Guinea gets you on the table," say the toreros, "death can never elbow him aside."

I was in the operating room for over an hour, and though I wasn't conscious to watch the proceedings, this is what went on: Quickly Gómez Guinea snipped away with scissors the ragged tissue surrounding the wound. Next he inserted a gloved finger in the hole for the preliminary exploration. It was a clean goring, only one trajectory and no horn splinters which could fester. Often the horn will stab in several directions, especially when the victim spins on the horn as I had. So I was lucky there, but still it was a very deep wound. The horn had entered at an angle, diving up toward the groin, and though it had bounced off the big femoral artery (an injury there could be quite serious), it had ruptured other vessels and important muscles, including the sartorius, the longest muscle in one's body.

With his scalpel Gómez Guinea opened up the wound five inches so that he could explore the injury completely. After taking care of the blood vessels he cut away the damaged ends of the muscles, removing the jagged

continued



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erids and leaving behind five muscle to be sutured to five muscle. Then, with the curved needle and its heavy catgut, he began to reconstruct the muscle layer by layer. Finally he administered penicillin and streptomycin, fitted a rubber drain into the wound and closed the incision.

I spent two days in a groggy, feverish, swirling jumble. By the third day my fever had dropped, and Don Luis strode briskly into the room.

"*Por poco lo dike volado,*" he said cheerfully, in Madrid slang. "You nearly kicked the bucket. But you're all right now, and 15 days from today you'll walk out of here under your own power."

As I began to feel better in the days that followed I asked questions and heard a lot about horn wounds from him. Even though it made me queasy to hear about other goings, I found myself asking about the roughest cases Girménes Guinea ever had.

"I suppose the worst was Rafaelito," he answered. "Or, perhaps, The Hyena."

Rafaelito, a *banderillero*, was gored in the back and five inches of horn protruded from his chest. The horn went through lung, intestines, dislodged the heart from the pericardium and thrust it into the right pleural cavity.

Girménes Guinea removed the heart, sutured it, managed it to set it beating and placed it again in its normal position. Rafaelito lived two days before succumbing to other injuries. "If it had been the heart alone, I believe we could have saved him," Girménes Guinea said.

Of all his patients who lived, the plebeian José Martín Alonso (The Hyena) probably suffered the worst goring. In an open 200 miles south of Madrid a bull caught the man under the jaw, driving the horn up into the frontal lobe of the brain and out through the skull, tearing his right eye loose from its socket as it went. The local doctors agreed that his only chance for survival lay in Girménes Guinea. In spite of the delay and the rough roads they rushed him to the special hospital for bullfighters in Madrid, El Sanatorio de los Toreros, where Girménes Guinea has been chief surgeon for 20 years. The doctor worked six hours repairing the damage, and The Hyena went back to plying his trade as sound of mind and sight as ever.



IN CLASSIC PHOTO, the promising young *señorito* Francisco is tossed on horn of bull. The wound, similar to that suffered by Conrad, was operated on by Girménes Guinea.

Many people feel that had Girménes Guinea been in Linares the day Manolete was gored in 1947 the man would still be alive today.

"As luck would have it, I was off on a picnic that afternoon," Girménes Guinea told me. "I went in the fastest car I could get, but it was nine hours after the goring before I could reach him. *El pobre*—he took great heart when he saw me come in the hospital room. 'I know I'll be all right now, Don Luis,' he said. But I drew his manager, Camaró, aside and said, 'This is hopeless.'

"Manolete asked, 'Aren't you even going to look at the wound, Don Luis?' It was not the femoral as has been said. That is just one artery and can be handled if you catch it quickly. This was worse—the doctors had told me it was in the cluster of veins and arteries in the groin. There was no point in my looking at it in his weakened condition. But he didn't know he was dying at any time. I told him to relax, that he'd be well soon. Then he said, 'I can't feel anything in my right leg.' I told him to be calm. 'I can't feel anything in my left leg?' I answered, 'You'll be all right, Manolete.' Then he asked, 'Are my eyes open—I can't see?' And he was dead, and I turned and walked out of the room. He was my friend."

A frustrated *torero* himself, Girménes Guinea tried fighting just once when he was young. It was a cow, and when it knocked him flying he said, "Never again!"

"You have to be crazy to be a *torero*," he growls, but with great admiration for those who are. The son and brother of doctors, his two passions have always been medicine and the bulls. While he has a lucrative non-veranda practice on the side, he is obviously happiest with his *torero* patients, even though his combined salaries from the bull ring and the Sanatorio de los Toreros only comes to about \$1,000 a year. In spite of the victims and horrors he has witnessed he still is an enthusiast. One day as he was changing my bandages he said fervently and as though the thought had never occurred to him before: "What a beautiful *frase* is in *¡falta* brave, eh?"

Miracle man that he is, Girménes Guinea doesn't always win. I left the *scarfario* on schedule, after a miraculously short time considering the extent of the injuries, and I was very grateful, for I was leaving with my life, my legs and a tremendous admiration for the crusty, dedicated man who'd put me together. But that same day they carried in the *señorito* Morenito de Cuernca, who had been injured by a young cow on a ranch near El Escorial, just as I had.

"Take me to Don Luis," he had pleaded over and over, "he'll save me!" But though they had him on an operating table within two hours of his goring, he was too far gone.

Sometimes, but only occasionally, death manages to efface even the great Girménes Guinea aside. **END**



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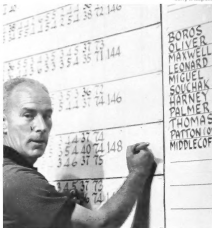


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KENNETH EVERETT

'Golf and an outdoor life'

Sooner or later at every major professional golf tournament in the U.S. all eyes turn to the cheerful gray-haired man above. Not because Ken Everett plays eye-catching golf—he generally shoots in the low 80s. But for the last 10 years Everett has been manning the huge scoreboard at PGA tournaments in this country and abroad, and his clean-styled lettering proclaims to all the world who is doing what.

Next week Ken Everett will set up shop at the Winged Foot Golf Club in Mamaroneck, N.Y. and keep accounts for the 88th playing of the U.S. Open Golf Championship. Everett's scoreboard with its white

sheets lettered handsomely in blue, black, red and green will, as always, be an oasis of authoritative and easily accessible information to lustre spectators, questing golf reporters, television's often bewildered technicians—and to competing golfers who have a vested interest in how Middlecoff did on the 17th.

"I like golf and golfers, I like an outdoor life, and tournaments are exciting," says Everett. His children, Ron and Andrea, often travel with their father during the summer. For Everett travel pays an extra dividend: a Mormon, he uses the opportunity of meeting many people to do some missionary work for his church.



Another adventure in one of the 27 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Life-or-death moment for a big-game hunter

1. "A full-grown lion is dangerous. 'Ann makes no mistake about it,' professional hunt men told me. How right they were," writes Ron Sharis, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Three days' journey north of Victoria Falls, in the high plateau country of Northern Rhodesia, a lion jumped me without warning. I raised my .358 Winchester and squared at a shot. He snarled, the lion still came on. I fired again. And again."



2. "Game to the last, the lion was about upon me before it dropped. (The photographer fainted as he took this picture.) Usually a lion would run away. We must have startled this one at close range to trigger its surprise attack.



3. "The hunted lion was a light burden to the joyful Barotse tribesmen. They wouldn't eat the meat (taken) but they made an heroics for robbing them of a cattle-killer. Only after the lion was dead did I realize how close it had come. Too close for comfort.



4. "Our real reward came back at camp where the boys greeted us with glasses, ice and whisky. So on meat safari, whisky meant my old favorite, Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You

can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for over 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 27 lands.

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